Woodwind

WOODWIND

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WOODWIND an Arts Paper

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Components of the Smooth Machine: Razzle Dazzle-Michele Murray-Grace Cavalieri-The Washington Fast Food Consuming and Reviewing Society (for a complete list ,see page 10)-Jesse Lou McCarty-Cerphe-Claudia-Jonathan Eberhart-Cecily Pearson-Mike Dixon-Paul Jones-Merril Greene-Stephen Allen Whealton-Robyn Johnson Ross- Dona-Debbie Moss-Patty Pearson-Bruce Rosenstein-Dede Baldwin-Tom Shales-Steve Faith-Tim Healey-Mike Schreibman-Richard Harrington-

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HELLO-Welcome back, those of you who've been away, and hello to those people getting here for the first time. This is mostly for those who've never seen us before--a slight explanation. We are an arts oriented paper, not totally devoid of politics, but avoiding rhetoric. We try to bring attention to people who are doing good things , or to good events or ideas. The paper is supported totally by its advertising and occasional benefits (co-incedentally, if you look at the back page, there is one scheduled for the weekend of the 17th-18th). If you are interested in helping or writing, give us a call at 965-9650 and we'll see what can be worked out.

I GUESS THIS IS WHAT THEY CALL A TWO WEEKS' NOTICE-Since starting Woodwind in January of 1970, I've been it's only editor, as much by will as by chance. Anyways, after the next issue, I'm going to leave and do something different. I'll explain at length in the next issue. The point is, the paper will keep going, hopefully under the guidance of all the good people who've been a part of it for the last year and a half. That will all be decided by the time #21 comes around.

ONE OR TWO THINGS WE LEFT OUT-Usually we have several more features (Record Reviews, Theatre Notes, Film Reviews, Photography), and usually we're only 24 pages. This is sort of a back to school issue, and it seems that we've ended up with a lot of music articles and not much else. This is just to say that such is not always the case (The previous message was for the benefit of all the non-musical art fans.)

Richard Harrington-Ed.

HARD TO GET...

NEW TITLES:

PAPERBACK

1234567890
Primal Scream
Remember Be Here Now
Burden of the Berrigans
Greening Of America
Tassaraja Bread Book
Aid As Imperialism
Low Cost Co-op Cookbook
We Have Been Invaded By the 21st Century

HARDBACK

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Woman In Sexist Society
Separate Reality
Female Eunuch
Psychedelic Experience
Gay Militants
The New Exiles

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Ramparts
Aperture
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East Village Other
Labor Today
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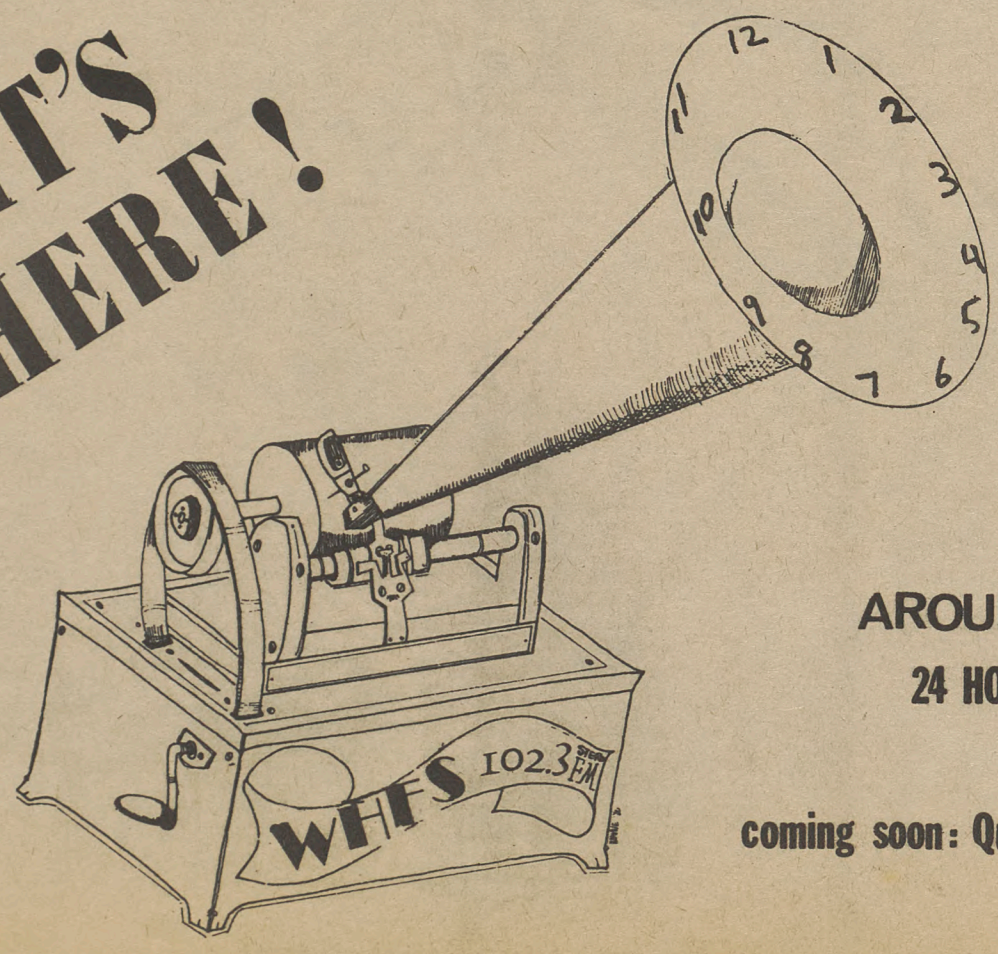
Just in case you don't need anyone else to make your decisions for you, the Conference will be at.....

George Washington University Student Center

21st&H, NW Room 404 10 a.m.- 5 p.m.

IT'S HERE!



ROCK

AROUND-THE-CLOCK!

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THE BEACH BOYS
-a brief history-

I. The Beginnings: "Surfin' " and Tourin' (1961-1965)

Let's go surfin' now,—
Everybody's learnin' how
Come on a safari with me
—"Surfin' Safari"

Probably more than any other rock and roll group ever, the early Beach Boys were, in their music, in their public image and in their personal life, inextricably entwined with a particular subcultural life-style, with the times in which that life-style emerged, and with an outlook on life peculiar to those times. And so a bit of nostalgic indulgence is in order, not for the sake of indulgence, but simply because it's a part of the story.

I hope that the year 1961 is still fresh in your mind, because things felt awfully good around then. If the sun wasn't really a bit brighter, the sky a little more blue, the air slightly tastier, they nonetheless certainly *seemed* to be. There was something downright intoxicating about the air of 1961. There we were, at the foot of a brand new decade, waking up to a new morning after the long sleep of the Flaccid 50's. The whole country felt the pulse of a new life coursing through its atrophied limbs. There was a new leader whose watchword was "vigor," and the problems we were facing seemed merely tests for our new-found muscle. Cynicism was a word seldom heard.

Perhaps most important, it was a time for the young to play their part. The president was young and handsome, his wife young and beautiful. The youth of the country were to be mobilized not only to further social justice, but to serve as ambassadors to the whole damn world. We were, in short, achieving an identity.

In 1961 the dream dubbed the New Frontier began to branch into the California Myth. It seemed that every magazine in the country, from *Look* to *National Geographic,* devoted entire issues to tales of this promised land where business was booming and there was room for all, where healthy specimens of humanity cavorted in nature's breathtaking handiwork and where everyone was 10 years ahead of everybody on the other side of the state line. It was, in the eyes of the Pennsylvania grandmother and the Ohio farmer who read *Look* and *National Geographic,* a futuristic society, and even if the godlessness of Utopia put some people off, the California Myth had most of the country captivated. Including California, which did its best to live up to it.

In Southern California, in the Los Angeles basin, little communities like Hawthorne and Lynwood and Covina and Downey and El Monte found themselves caught in a struggle between their drabness as outlying appendages of the L.A. suburban complex, little dots next to the freeway on the map, and the Myth.

The Myth had its strongest ally in the young people, the high school kids whose affluent family situations enabled them to act out some of those California fantasies, and soon the beach became the stage for teenage rituals. Pubescent boys and girls, physically oriented, with money, crowded long wide beaches fronting an ocean whose large waves roll lazily in. Soon the first 50 yards of the Pacific, from Mexico to San Luis Obispo, was clogged with tanned, muscled children of the Golden State, bobbing slowly and regularly up and down in communal vigil, waiting for that good wave. Surfing had arrived, with a bang.

No one in Hawthorne expected the new sport to provide the final ingredient for the birth of an institution, but it was just about to happen. In Hawthorne dwelt the Wilson brothers, Brian (19), Dennis (17), and Carl (15), who, with their cousin Mike Love (20) and old friend Alan Jardine (19), would soon become the Beach Boys. Carl, from the lofty vantage point of 1971, recalls some of the Wilsons' pre-professional musical background: "We used to go to Mike's house on Christmas. the whole family—there'd be about 50, 60 people, and we'd go around caroling; and it'd be great, a very good time. Everybody in the family would pick out a part, and it'd really sound great, all those people singing. And when they were really young, Brian would go over to where Mike went to church, and they had a vocal group and they'd mess around. Brian and my mom and Dennis and sometime my dad would always be singing at home. And so we were always just singing—always, you know."

It was in September of '61 that Alan, who was playing stand-up bass and getting into folk music, and Dennis, who had introduced surfing to his brothers, decided to officially get a group together. Opportunity came when Mother and Father Wilson took off on a trip to Mexico City, leaving their sons with a tempting pile of food money. What they ended up eating is not important, but the money went for the rental of instruments, and soon the Wilsons' Hawthorne living room was quaking to the loud and loose sound that was to sweep the nation.

It was Dennis' suggestion that the nameless (they gave Carl and the Passions a try, but it didn't stick too well) band devote itself to a music celebrating the sport that had become a fad among the kids of Southern California, and in short order Brian and Mike had come up with a little number called "Surfin'." It was at this point that the Wilsons' father, Murry (who was an important influence through much of their career), acted inadvertently as a catalyst. A song—writer himself, he was asked by his publisher if he could suggest someone to cut a demo of a folk song. He recommended Alan. Five people, not one, trooped off to that session, and an informal audition won the heart of Mr. Publisher, who immediately committed "Surfin' " to vinyl (the only instruments on that recording, by the way, were Carl's lead guitar, Alan's bass and the bottom of a plastic garbage can on which Brian drummed). It was released on the Candix label, and while it didn't knock the world back on its heels, it did do quite well for itself, making a sizeable local impact and even attracting a bit of attention around the country.

"All of Ritchie's friends will be there," said the radio spots advertising the New Year's Eve Ritchie Valens Memorial Concert at the Long Beach Municipal Auditorium, and it was there, in front of all of Ritchie's friends, that the Beach Boys (so named by a clear-thinking Candix PR man) made their concert debut. From there they hopped on to the Southern California lower-echelon rock and roll band circuit, criss-crossing the area to play long nights for low pay at parties, clubs and dances. But they had hit on an untapped audience the extent of which their most wishful dreams couldn't have foretold.

At this time the group underwent one of its few personnel changes: Alan resigned to go off and learn to be a dentist, and was replaced by Dave Marks. But with the coming of summer he reversed his decision, gave up dentistry and put Dave Marks back among the ranks of the unemployed.

By early in 1962 Candix had folded, and the Beach Boys, having already recorded "Surfin' Safari" (with the help of Murry Wilson), were in search of a label. It wasn't long before they had negotiated (with the help of Murry Wilson) a contract with Capitol, and history's second surf song was let loose. To the pleased surprise of all concerned, it showed well not only in the Coastal surf-area market, but made a respectable mark on the national charts. They began to feel that they were, perhaps, onto something big.

Why was it that music about surfing was received with such enthusiasm by the record-buying adolescents of the land-locked innards of the country? The question has been asked often enough, and if you really listen to that music you will have the answer: The Beach Boys were not singing *about* surfing; they were using surfing to sing about freedom.

The whole surfing subculture involved an incredible, inspiriting independence previously unheard of for people of such tender years. It was a much different thing from the limited freedom belonging to the 50's teenager, forever tinged with a slightly sleazy air of juvenile delinquency. The surfers picked up the movement in the air of the early 60's and increased the pitch considerably. Young people everywhere were enchanted by the romance of the open road, and no one had to strain to understand all that was implied by the search for the perfect wave. If the Beatles, in their stadium-packing, hysteria-evoking early concerts, first made us aware of our power as a generation, it was the Beach Boys who even earlier had helped make us conscious that we actually *were* a different generation. The Beach Boys' music was an inevitable force, a new music to correspond to the new energy vibration and replace the anemic, greasy, self-pitying, inert Eastern sound that had been the rock and roll of white middle-class America. It was that sense of freedom (and the unfamiliar, strangely thrilling sensation of nascent rebellion that went along with it), not universal identification with surfboards and hot rods, that found partisans in Nebraska and Montana and Georgia and every other unlikely place you can think of.

And for that thriving subculture, of which they had become the most prominent voices, the Beach Boys expressed an ethos. For although the prevailing standards limited the way sentiments could be expressed, Beach Boys music was purely and unabashedly hedonistic in message and spirit. The taste of freedom that the Beach Boys shared with their contemporaries in the heady air of the early 60's was to linger, then grow into forms undreamed of.

With the success of "Surfin' Safari," Brian, Dennis, Carl, Mike and Alan found themselves on their way to becoming actual Stars. During the next couple of years they were to solidify the musical style and the inseparable public image that they had already begun to formulate. These were to be the band's Golden Years, a time when all they had to do to keep the money and the screams pouring in was plug into that formula. To their credit, they developed that formula as far as it could go, turning out some mighty fine music along the way.

Hollywood Bowl, Nov. 1, 1963

The music that the Beach Boys were recording and performing to the millions has been called a cross between Chuck Berry and the Four Freshmen. The link with Berry is deeper than the rolling R&B rhythm that rides through much of the music and the lifted guitar riffs (like the intro to "Fun, Fun, Fun"). Like Berry, the Beach Boys expressed the mood of a segment of the population. If their lyrics lack the wit, facility and depth of Berry's poems about the joys and sorrows of the postwar Black city-dweller and his children, they are no less thorough and honest reflections of the concerns of the white middle class teenager of the 60's.

And the Four Freshmen. And the Four Preps. And the Modernaires, and all those other marvelous vocal groups whose updated barbershop harmonies colored the years of the 50's. The Beach Boys were (and remain) essentially a vocal group, a fact affirmed by Carl's description of the Wilson Family musical tradition, that guitar-bass-garbage can arrangement of "Surfin' " and the generally sparse instrumentation on most of their old hits. They knocked us dead with that combination of Mike Love's adolescent, nasal lead and those tight, obvious and oh so much fun choral backings.

It was from '63 through '65 that the Beach Boys cranked out the bulk of the songs for which they are best remembered. You know the titles as well as they do: "Surfer Girl," "Little Deuce Coupe," "I Get Around," "Don't Worry Baby," "Be True to Your School," "In My Room," "Fun, Fun, Fun," "Barbara Ann," "Surfin' U.S.A.," "California Girls," "Help Me Rhonda," etc. It was simple, undemanding music, and the kids gobbled it up, contributing mightily to the group's total sales to date of 65 million records. Yet even then they were starting to fill out their sound. Beginning with "Don't Worry Baby," and continuing in "California Girls" and "Help Me Rhonda," they began to develop thicker production, akin to Phil Spector's "wall of sound" techniques, that would eventually blossom into entirely unexpected forms.

The Beach Boys differed slightly from many of their fellow rock and rollers in that their live performances were as important as hit records. Carl reminisces: "We didn't do that much touring until '63. We did a little bit in '63—started to tour in '63. By the end of '63 we were really into a touring bag. Then in '64 we really started working. In '65 we did a lot of work . . . It's much better now. Used to go up and do the hits, do like 45 minutes, all the records, one right after another, like a juke box. That was it. And the fans were real loud, a lot of girls screamin' and yellin' and stuff . . . It was fun, but I dig playing a lot more now." As the hysteria abated somewhat, the group plunged nearly three-quarters of a million dollars into the design and production of the ultimate traveling sound system. It consists of two complete and separate halves that can be used together to mix up to 20 microphones.

Their first big tour, a 40-day bus excursion through the great Midwest, was the occasion of Dave Marks' last notes as a Beach Boy (until a reunion at a Boston concert in 1971). He was called in as an emergency replacement for Brian, who was suddenly taken ill. After 1964 tours in Europe and Australia, Brian decided to abandon the performing side of his musical activities in order to concentrate on writing and producing. He was replaced on the road temporarily by a studio musician named Glen Campbell. On April 9, 1965, in New Orleans, Bruce Johnston, formerly a producer at Columbia and half of the "Bruce and Terry" duo (the other half being Terry Melcher), became a permanent and full-time Beach Boy. Since then the performing lineup has remained: Carl, lead guitar; Alan, rhythm guitar; Mike, lead vocals; Dennis, drums; and Bruce, bass and keyboards.

The hits, the tours (a complete list of their stops reads: Australia, Finland, Japan, Belgium, Denmark, Holland, Germany, France, New Zealand, Canada, Austria, England, Sweden, Italy and every state of the Union) and the TV shows (Ed Sullivan, Red Skelton, Dick Clark, Johnny Carson, Les Crane, *Kraft Music Hall,* etc.) just kept on coming, and it looked as if the Beach Boys' magic would keep things going that way forever. Few people anticipated the drastic change that would take place, not only in the rock and roll audience, but in the whole pop music scene. Fewer still expected the Beach Boys to meet the resulting challenge the way they did. Somehow, though, a connection was missed, and for a long time the Beach Boys and their audience would have to grope blindly in search of each other. A new chapter in the group's history, a chapter laden with hard struggles and half-triumphs, was about to begin.

cont.

II. *Pet Sounds, Smile* and After (1966-1971)

.....A SPECIAL MUSIC.....

The diamond necklace played the pawn
Hand in hand some drummed along
To a handsome man and baton
—"Surf's Up"

Brian Wilson

In March of 1966, these top-selling, universally loved makers of simply conceived, danceable and, all in all, fairly unchallenging music pulled off one of the most unanticipated, thorough and, ultimately, commercially damaging turnabouts in the history of pop music. It marked the metamorphosis of Brian Wilson from the non-performing author of all that wimp-rock to the darling of a rising class of rock cognoscenti, who began with disquieting frequency to call him a genius (disquieting because the appellation played havoc with his nearly obsessively modest constitution). And in transforming the Beach Boys from old-fashioned rock 'n' roll stars into honest-to-God ARTISTS, it paved the way for a group identity crisis that would shake the Beach Boys organization to its very foundations.

Pet Sounds took everyone by surprise. In terms of musical conception, lyric content, production and performance, it stood as a landmark in a musical genre whose development was about to begin snowballing. As unexpected as it was, *Pet Sounds* was in fact the logical successor to their earlier music. They simply took a step toward maturity (at a time when much of their audience was doing precisely the same thing). The carefree surfer, whose concerns had been limited to the size and shape of the day's waves, and the size and shape of the bumps on his feet, and Saturday night dates in his little deuce coupe with his little surfer girl was getting older, and the need for slightly more profound boy-girl relationships was beginning to assert itself. The thrill of capturing that good-night kiss is replaced by a wish for the time "when we can say good night and stay together" (from "Wouldn't It Be Nice?"). *Pet Sounds* is a brilliant characterization of that unstable and tenuous time of life when you find that you can no longer live with your old assumptions about yourself, a situation complicated by a corresponding difficulty in relating to others. As all good music must be, the album is aimed at the emotions, concerned not with preaching but with evoking moods of doubt and struggle and joy and triumph.

In keeping with the concept with which he was working, Brian came up with a corresponding musical maturity, a development of the fullness that was first heard in "Don't Worry Baby" and "California Girls." The homogeneity of the "wall of sound" furnishes a musical constant that parallels the thematic concept, while the melodies and arrangements provide impeccable settings for the dizzying ups and downs suggested by the lyrics. The Beach Boys act as vocal instruments here, as they and every other element are subordinated to the demands of Brian's concept. The results are frequently stunning: that enormous thud followed by the buoyant vocal opening "Wouldn't It Be Nice?"; the unbridled vocal gymnastics of "Sloop John B;" the exquisite feeling of "I Just Wasn't Made for These Times;" and the closing "Caroline No," in which the Beach Boys finally vault out of the saccharine into the honestly touching.

The production of *Pet Sounds* was long (Brian worked on it almost a year) and painful (drugs had made their way into the apple-pie world, exerting a not always beneficial influence, and there had been some debate within the group as to whether the new direction of *Pet Sounds* was wise), but the worst was to come after its completion: Capitol didn't want it. Capitol was very happy with car songs and just couldn't feature releasing a Beach Boys album full of poetic lyrics and obscure beats (little suspecting that three of the album's cuts—"Sloop John B," and Wouldn't It Be Nice" b/w "God Only Knows"— would do quite well as singles). A struggle began in which Brian won a futile victory: Capitol released *Pet Sounds,* true, but the effort that might have gone into publicizing the Beach Boys' new direction went instead to the promotion of albums like *The Best of the Beach Boys* (in several volumes), *The Beach Boys Deluxe Set* and *Stack O' Tracks,* this in spite of the critical acclaim that the album immediately began to garner. And so *Pet Sounds* was a commercial flop, and that first rift marked a division between the group and the label that would culminate in a major lawsuit and an eventual parting of the ways.

Brian, bitter over the *Pet Sounds* battle but nonetheless undaunted, then (i.e. late spring-early summer of '66) began work on an ill-fated project that was destined to become a veritable rock 'n' roll legend: *Dumb Angel*—later changed to *Smile.*

By 1966 it had become apparent to anyone who was listening that Brian Wilson, if not a bona fide genius, was at least a very special kind of musical creator. It is no disparagement of the other Beach Boys to say that his ambitions were beyond their comprehension, for at the time Brian Wilson's musical concepts had transcended what anyone else in pop music was doing. As Brian and his music were changing, so were the times: The Underground was starting to come together, and it generated its class of intellectuals—the elite, the formulators of the meaning of what it is we all are doing, the authorities, the critics. Brian, with the reputation of *Pet Sounds* to recommend him, was coming into contact with the hippest of the hip, and he greeted the new vistas that were opening themselves to him (as they were to all) with the enthusiasm of a child let loose in a toy shop: a couple of LSD experiences, an involvement in Subud (a sect that boasts Hamilton Camp and Roger McGuinn among its initiates), study and experimentation with numerology, astrology, the *I Ching* and all the other trips that helped us look at things in new ways.

Mike Love

To appreciate *Smile* one must be able to relate it to Brian Wilson, 1966: A turned-on person, involved in absorbing all he could from his environment and translating it into aural terms; a person of fantastic energy, direction and imagination, running around the city recording the sounds of water in its many sound-manifestations, trying to talk his associates into starting a barroom brawl so he can catch it on tape, determined to create a musical equivalent of fire; someone whose uncertainties often thwart that creativity, sending him on extended retreats in his room; a "mad genius" who transformed one room of his Beverly Hills house into a tent (which had to be dismantled for lack of ventilation), built a sandbox around his piano so he could play with his bare feet in the sand, and held nighttime business meetings in his outdoor pool. In mid-1966 that energy was building to new levels, and his awareness sought expression in an undertaking that he envisioned as a teenage hymn to God and Laughter—*Smile.*

The staggering dimensions of the venture and its potentially revolutionary nature impelled Brian to do his utmost to fulfill its potential. And so he enlisted Van Dyke Parks, also deemed a genius by those in the know, to serve as *Smile*'s lyricist. While the two personalities were too individual and volatile to co-exist indefinitely, they did, for an all-too-brief moment, coordinate their creative patterns to turn out some of the unrealized classics of pop music: "Surf's Up," probably the most discussed and written about unheard song in the history of rock and roll; "Cabinessence," originally a part of "Who Ran the Iron Horse," which views the building of the transcontinental railroad through the eyes of a Chinese coolie; "Wind Chimes;" "Wonderful;" "Heroes and Villains;" "Vegetables;" "Bicycle Rider;" "The Child Is the Father of the Man." Songs and fragments of songs were floating about in a state of flux, combining and dividing and reforming themselves like protozoa, and for a breathtaking instant it looked as if something of extreme brilliance and importance were about to fall together.

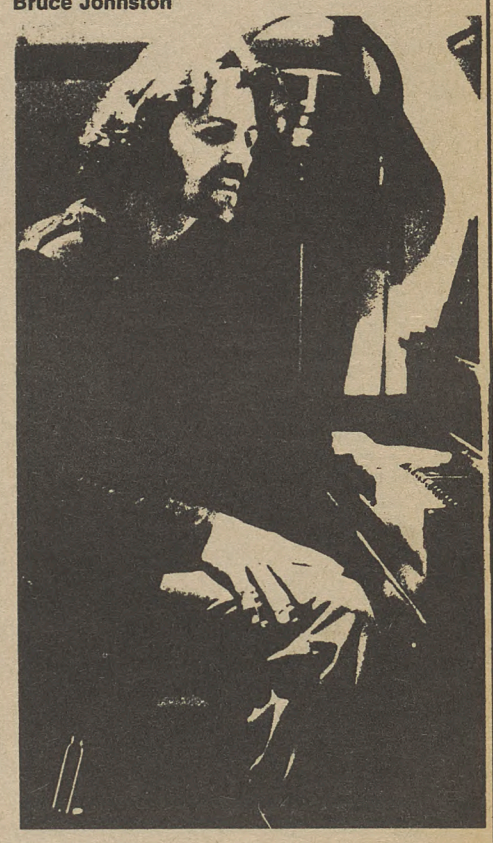
In November "Good Vibrations" was released. Six months in the making, at a cost of $16,000, it brought back some Beach Boys' fans who had become lost around *Pet Sounds* time and won new ones as well, as it became, strangely enough, their only million-selling single. Its virtuoso conception and execution only reconfirmed Brian Wilson in his position as genius, but as the heights became loftier and the footing trickier, some downs began to nose their way into the skyrocketing Wilson-Parks dream.

Those who were close to the scene differ as to the first sign of trouble, but the "Fire Music" incident, one of the most eccentric of Brian's mad genius escapades, is as likely a place as any: "Fire Music," one of four parts of a suite called "The Elements," was recorded, as were all of the *Smile* tracks, at Western Three studios on Santa Monica Blvd. in Hollywood. Jules Seigel, who was doing a story on Brian for the *Saturday Evening Post,* has described the music: "A gigantic fire howled out of the massive studio speakers in a pounding crush of pictorial music that summoned up visions of roaring, wind-storm flames, falling timbers, mournful sirens and sweaty firemen, building up to a peak and crackling off into fading embers as a single drum turned into a collapsing wall and the fire-engine cellos dissolved and disappeared." Descriptions, unfortunately, are all that we have to go on, because a few days later the building across the street from the studio burned to the ground, whereupon something stronger and stranger than superstition made Brian check out the fire statistics of the whole city for that week. When he found that there had been an abnormally high incidence of fires, he very deliberately destroyed (by melting, for they wouldn't burn) every tape of "Fire Music."

In November David Oppenheim, who had produced TV programs on Casals and Stravinsky, came to California to produce Leonard Bernstein's special on pop music. The attention he gave to Brian's work gave *Smile* some desperately needed encouragement, and Brian, alone at the piano, sang "Surf's Up" for the nation. But at the same time Brian's idiosyncracies were exerting a negative influence—such as, for example, the time he walked into a theater in mid-movie (Paramount's *Seconds)* to be greeted by a wide-screen gentleman saying "Good afternoon, Mr. Wilson," a phenomenon that his paranoia inflated into an intricate plot by Phil Spector, who had a distribution deal with Paramount and from whose production techniques Brian had, admittedly, freely drawn.

And now non-musical considerations began to interfere, drawing off a good deal of his attention and energy: One of his long-standing and deeply felt projects was the establishment of an artist-oriented record company. To that end he had hired David Anderle, manager of Van Dyke Parks, producer and general music-biz genius (so said the hip). The mundane demands of the business side of things—locating an office, setting up the organization, et. al.— while not placed directly on Brian's shoulders, acted as enough of a distraction to divert his already wavering concentration. At the same time, Nick Grillo, the Beach Boys' new business manager, had uncovered a $250,000 discrepancy in royalties while checking Capitol's books. So presently the Beach Boys filed suit and announced that they would cease to record for Capitol. It was eventually settled out of court (Capitol paid up and agreed to distribute their label, Brother), but the damage to the group's positive image and the injection of money into the pristine atmosphere of Pure Creation took their toll. Brian was getting scared of the project, and his uncertainties were beginning to become dominant.

Bruce Johnston

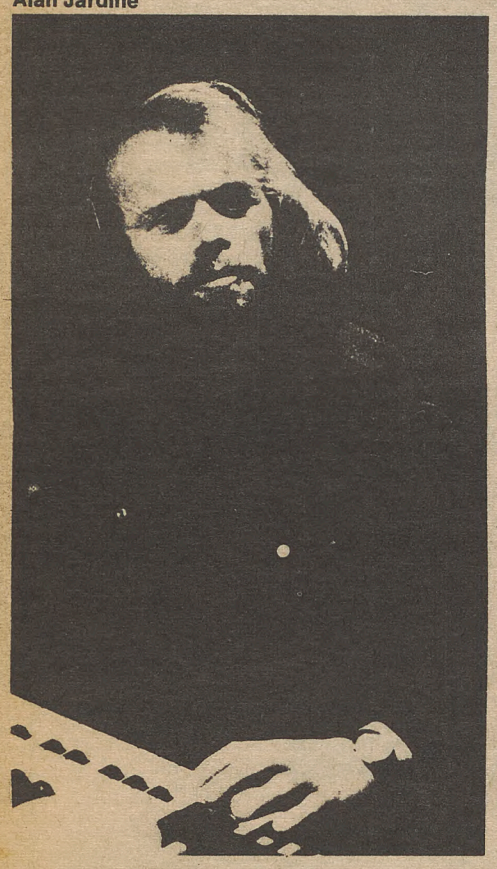


While Brian was cutting the tracks for the album, perfecting his facility with the studio-as-instrument, the Beach Boys were enjoying a triumphant tour of Europe and England, where they met the Beatles, held press conferences and, in all, received the full-scale star treatment. After their return home and a bit of rest, they headed for the studio to see what Brian was up to, and that's when the problems began to pile up. The first question was that of image. It had caused some discussion at the time of *Pet Sounds,* but this! In the days before *Sgt. Pepper* and its flock of imitators all trying to out-weird one another, even the idea of

.....THEN BECOMES NOW.....

sound effects on a musical record was a bit daring. And so those surreal lyrics (from "Bicycle Rider," for example: "Rock, rock, Plymouth rock roll over/Bicycle rider see what you done, done to the church of the native American Indian . . ."), and the full orchestration that, they maintained, could not be transferred to the stage (and here Brian scored a point by convincing them that it could be done that much more impressively in performance), strange and difficult structures, unheard of tape gimmickry . . . What was going on?! The old problem monkey-wrenched itself into the works: Do we lose our image (and with it our audience) and start a new one (and gain . . . what?), or do we stay safe and stick with what we've got. The question remained, a tangible barrier between Brian and the rest of the group.

Alan Jardine



As the weeks passed and *Smile,* hampered by the ongoing insecurities within the group, remained unfinished (missing its scheduled December release date), business reared its ugly head again, declaring that it was time for a new single. And so Brian had to concentrate on "Heroes and Villains" as a single, much to the detriment of *Smile* as a whole. At this point Van Dyke began involving himself in various projects at Warner Bros. and Brian, faced with a still incomplete set of lyrics and some by now insurmountable uncertainties about the whole undertaking, could no longer get around the fact that it was too late, that the creative powers that had spewed out the album's material had already peaked, and that the time was no longer right for the completion of *Smile.* The release of *Sgt. Pepper* in the spring sealed its doom.

By March of 1967 Brother Records was pretty much set up, under the Capitol umbrella. Its first release was the single version of "Heroes and Villains," which sold poorly in the States, though it was chosen Record of the Year in France—Europe was definitely more appreciative of what the Beach Boys had been doing since *Pet Sounds* than were the home folks. In September came *Smiley Smile,* the "instead of *Smile*" album. The reaction was not enthusiastic, which is only natural after the tales of the grandeur that was to be *Smile,* but in time it came to be considered in some circles as *the* "rock-art" album. "Wind Chimes," "Wonderful," "Heroes and Villains" and "Vegetables," in varying stages of proximity to the original versions (the latter probably being the closest), represent the *Smile* material. Brian was forced to include "Good Vibrations," something he hadn't wanted to do, and the remainder of the album is filled with material of varying quality. *Smiley Smile* does have that "second-best" air about it, but it is, nonetheless, an album of uncompromising fun, recorded stoned to be listened to stoned (and, in fact, it is now being used as the sole therapy for bad trips at a Dallas-Houston-Fort Worth drug clinic; headphones instead of thorazine, and they haven't lost anyone yet). Significantly, the credit on *Smiley Smile* reads "Produced by the Beach Boys."

Brian, meantime, had moved from his Beverly Hills home into a Swiss-style mansion in Bel Air, where, in what once was the living room, he slapped together a studio that, though appearing a little makeshift compared with the clean lines of commercial institutions, would quickly prove its worth. The first Beach Boys album to be recorded there was *Wild Honey,* released two months after *Smiley Smile.* No one seemed to understand: utilizing the most elementary of production techniques, the group bounced into a direct, unelaborate rhythm & blues bag, working out on songs like Stevie Wonder's "I Was Made to Love Her" and Brian and Mike's "Darlin' " (which was written for Three Dog Night, whom Brian was recording at the time.) Critics like *Crawdaddy's* Paul Williams puzzled long and hard over the mysterious disappearance of Brian Wilson's genius, but the record-buying public welcomed the Beach Boys back to their side for the moment by getting it up to #30. It took a while, but after *John Wesley Harding* made it clear that the next movement was to be a return to the basics, those critics began to understand *Wild Honey.* It is, by the way, on the Capitol label, as would be their next two albums, because the group had decided to delay full implementation of Brother until after the expiration of their Capitol contract.

As time passed, the familial closeness that has always dominated the group seemed once more to assert itself, and with the pressures generated by *Smile* far in the past, harmony became more than a musical term. They became involved in the Maharishi's transcendental meditation, and began a tour with him that was abandoned, at a loss of several hundred thousand dollars, after poor attendance at the first four dates. *Friends,* their next album, reflects that involvement, and is reportedly Brian's favorite Beach Boys album. It was also their first stereo album, breaking a tradition attributable mainly to Brian's well-known hearing difficulties (and a word should be put in about here in behalf of engineer Steve Desper, who has been a major factor in the subsequent excellence of the group's recorded sound). *20/20* was next, a collection of masters originally intended for other albums (including *Smile's* "Cabinessence"). With that record their relationship with Capitol drew to a close.

While all this was going on, the Beach Boys somehow became more and more anonymous (except for the success of *Wild Honey).* They were by now much too far removed to think about getting back into a teenybopper Top 40 bag, and Capitol was doing nothing to let the old audience know that the group was still alive. (Capitol has, by the way, dropped all five of the post-surf/car albums from its catalog.) The Pendletons and the woodies and the striped shirts and that whole wholesomeness thing remained strong in the memories of that old audience, and memory is a stubborn thing. The Beach Boys as a public figure were suspended in limbo, no longer hip enough for the progressive-rock crowd, hardly commercial enough to be an AM smash. It was time to do something.

In 1970 the Beach Boys and Brother Records signed a distribution deal with Reprise, and followed soon thereafter with *Sunflower.* A beautifully recorded album featuring several cuts that must be considered among the best of all the Beach Boys' music (part of "Cool, Cool Water," by the way, was first intended for *Smile),* it was an instant hit with the critics, but again that lingering image was enough to keep sales disproportionately low. The Boys increased the number of their gigs, in the hope that seeing would be believing. Unfortunately, this push coincided with the time that the whole progressive-rock crowd was taking occasional pleasure by wallowing in pools of nostalgia, and to their eyes the Beach Boys were as good a rock and roll revival as the next one. So the Beach Boys, faced with crowds of guys and gals who had hummed their music while hanging ten, barraged with demands for "Little Deuce Coupe" and "Surfin' Safari" and "I Get Around" and all those other blasts from the musty past, calmly announced that they were not a revival and proceeded to play only Pet Sounds-and-after material (except for encores) with the conscientiousness and abandon that have always marked their live performances. The image was beginning to crack a little.

It's not at all easy to understand why it took so long to get that one little break. Even if the Maharishi wasn't exactly the hottest thing on the scene in 1970, their involvement with him should have at least made it clear that they were into things a bit more weighty than surfboards. After all, the *very* hip Beatles had taken the same trip. Again, our TransAtlantic brethren seemed to be slightly more aware of what was going on when *Melody Maker's* poll saw the Beach Boys register as the number two (behind you-know-who) group in the world for 1969, 70 and 71. And the setup of Brother Records should have set people thinking, for one would be hard pressed to find a company more oriented toward the artist. And then there are the politics: Readers of L.A.'s dailies could follow the developments in Carl Wilson's draft case: CO refused; he

refuses induction; CO granted; he refuses to report for civilian work as a hospital orderly, offering instead to do anything asked of him in his capacity as a musician; the Supreme Court refuses to rule on the case, leaving that earlier adverse decision to stand, unless the Supreme Court can be convinced to pass judgement; so things stand. They played the 1970 Big Sur (i.e. Monterey) Folk Festival, proceeds of which go to the Institute on Non-Violence. They have done a number of benefits, including a Syracuse performance before 10,000 for the Berrigan Defense Fund, and were the only big-name band to play at this year's May Day demonstrations in Washington. The old image didn't have a chance any more.

Now, at last, it appears that people other than rock intellectuals are becoming aware that the Beach Boys are making mighty good music right now (and it is to be hoped that that awareness will inspire some to discover the ignored music of the past five years).

Fillmore East, citadel of contemporary rock; the Grateful Dead, *the* progressive original acid-rock-cum-blues-band and fave-raves of the New York audience, onstage; Jerry Garcia, genius, speaks: "I'd like to introduce another California group (pause)—the Beach Boys!" An instant of stunned silence, then a thunderous, show-stopping five-minute standing ovation, followed hard by a night of unforgettable music (all of which is down on tape, and from which at least a single, possibly "Okie from Muskogee" b/w "Help Me Rhonda," will be issued). Now really, how much more hip can you ask some old rock and rollers to be?

And now comes their second Warners/Brother release, *Surf's Up,* an album that, featuring as it does the Beach Boys' by now finely-honed production talents, the ever-increasing engineering skills of Mr. Desper, Brian's revived enthusiasm for the Moog Synthesizer (which instrument appears on every cut) and some uncommonly excellent songwriting by the entire group (except for Dennis, incapacitated by a severe hand injury), is doubtless the most varied and powerful package they have yet turned out. The long buried "Surf's Up," as you will note, is given a performance every bit in keeping with its storied status, but it is nearly upstaged by another potential Beach Boys classic, Carl Wilson's (writing on his own for the first time) exquisite "Feel Flows." Bruce Johnston isn't far behind himself with the evocative and strangely touching "Disney Girls (1957)," while Alan Jardine and Mike Love remain steady contributors to the Beach Boys' music with "Don't Go Near the Water" (the ecology theme is also touched on by Brian in his "A Day in the Life of a Tree"—the unfamiliar voice there belongs to their public relations man, Jack Rieley), the whimsical "Take a Load off Your Feet," "Student Demonstration Time" (the album's fix for all you "heavy" addicts) and "Looking at Tomorrow" (in which Alan's folk roots are much in evidence). Brian's remaining composition is " 'Til I Die."

Surf's Up is everything *Sunflower* was—technically stunning, musically adventuresome, good clean fun—as well as being extremely literate. Lyrics have, admittedly, often been a problem with Beach Boys music, but now, for the first time, they are proudly displayed in the album package. The music of *Surf's Up*—most of which was written in bursts of energy over the two months prior to its completion—is just the latest example of the genius (might as well come right out and say it at last) of the Beach Boys. If we can judge by past experience, there will be a lot more to come.

.....

The Beach Boys are more than a rock 'n' roll band. They are an entity, a person who has been by the side of all of us who grew a little in the 60's. He was often a comfort when times were tough and he made the good times that much better. It doesn't matter why we lost contact for a while, the important thing is that we now have a chance to be together again. I trust that none of us plan to stop growing in the 70's, and once again it looks like the Beach Boys will be right back by our sides. It's funny, isn't it, that after all these years and through all the strange things that have happened in those years, that still, in 1971 as in 1963, surfers rule.

— Richard Cromelin

Albums:

Surfin' Safari
Capitol (D)T-1808

Surfin' U.S.A.
Capitol (S)T-1890

Shut Down
Capitol (D)T-1918

Surfer Girl
Capitol (S)T-1981

Little Deuce Coupe
Capitol (S)T-1998

Shut Down Volume Two
Capitol (S)T-2027

All Summer Long
Capitol (S)T-2110

The Beach Boys' Christmas Album
Capitol (S)T-2164

Beach Boys Concert
Capitol (S)TAO-2198

The Beach Boys Today!
Capitol (D)T-2269

Summer Days and Summer Nights
Capitol (D)T-2354

Beach Boys Party!
Capitol (D)MAS-2398

Pet Sounds
Capitol (D)T-2458

Best of the Beach Boys
Capitol (D)T-2545

Best of the Beach Boys, Vol. 2
Capitol (D)T-2706

Smiley Smile
Brother (S)T-9001

The Beach Boys Deluxe Set
Capitol (D)TCL/2813

Wild Honey
Capitol (S)T-2859

Friends
Capitol (S)T-2895

Best of the Beach Boys, Vol. 3
Capitol DKAO/2945

Stack O'Tracks
Capitol DKAO/2893

20/20
Capitol SKAO/133

Sunflower
Brother/Reprise RS 6382

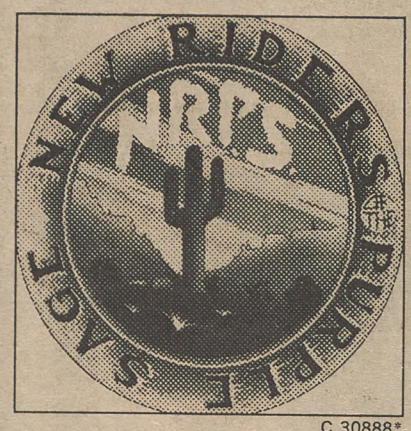
Surf's Up
Brother/Reprise RS 6453

Rock Around The Rock

C 30737*

TEN YEARS AFTER
A SPACE IN TIME
including:
One Of These Days / Hard Monkeys / Uncle Jam
I'd Love To Change The World
Once There Was A Time

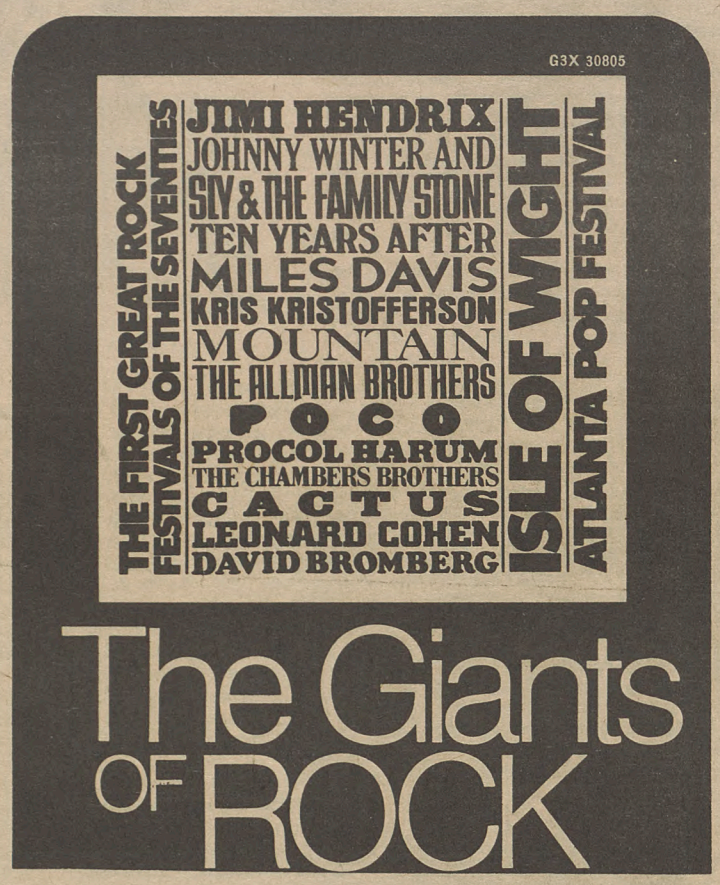
KC 30801*



C 30888*

On Columbia Records

M 30383



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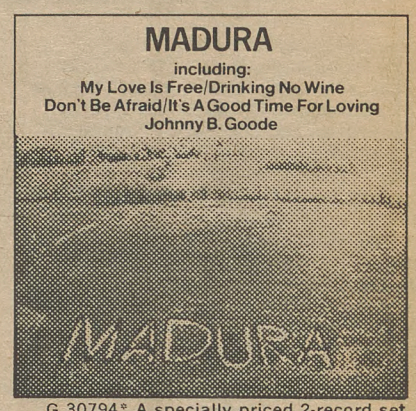
KE 30753*

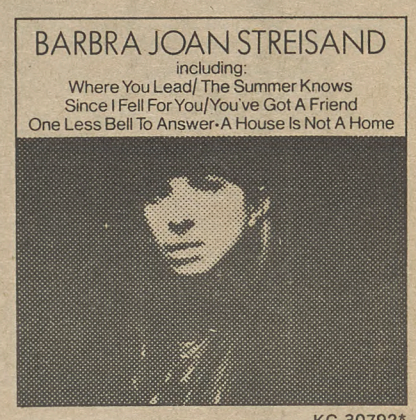


G 30794* A specially priced 2-record set

B S & T 4
BLOOD, SWEAT & TEARS
including:
Go Down Gambin'/John The Baptist (Holy John)
Lisa, Listen To Me/Cowboys And Indians
Mama Gets High

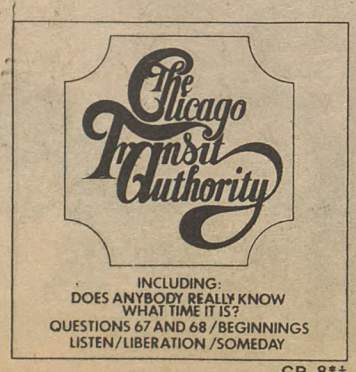
REVISED MINNIE KC 30590*

EPIC

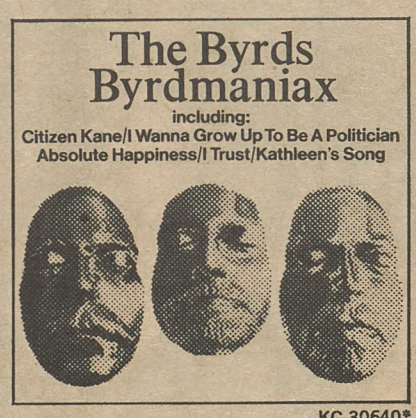

BARBRA JOAN STREISAND
including:
Where You Lead/ The Summer Knows
Since I Fell For You/You've Got A Friend
One Less Bell To Answer•A House Is Not A Home

KC 30792*

Z 30962*


The Chicago Transit Authority
INCLUDING:
DOES ANYBODY REALLY KNOW
WHAT TIME IT IS?
QUESTIONS 67 AND 68 / BEGINNINGS
LISTEN / LIBERATION / SOMEDAY

GP 8*‡



KC 30640*

Poem of Marriage

In the beginning
we laid the table by an open window
so light could gather on the cups and cloth,
and the bed, so plants stay green
fresh sheets white
darkness wait
melons ripen

We shaped a world in the fire of the sun
burning silently among green leaves
We loved
when we loved
our bodies shone
shining and glittering with our dance
like fool's bells ringing
time time without our knowing.

And then the years passing
wintry light turning ever more finely
more bluely into steel into needles
into early setting beyond sharp roofs
of houses where other open windows stare
back at your lips my eyes joined mouths
at ghosts old plants and melons
mirrored coldly in cold light in dry evening

Steady loss measured by the splendor of those shadowless noons
engraved in the long dusks where summer goes down
to knowledge of fall time time to winter turning
to the unwrinkled night

Night flesh listens in silence to the rustles of growing
rats in the cellar mice fouling the corners
mushrooms sprouting in the damp
fearful touches
new life
in darkness
growing.

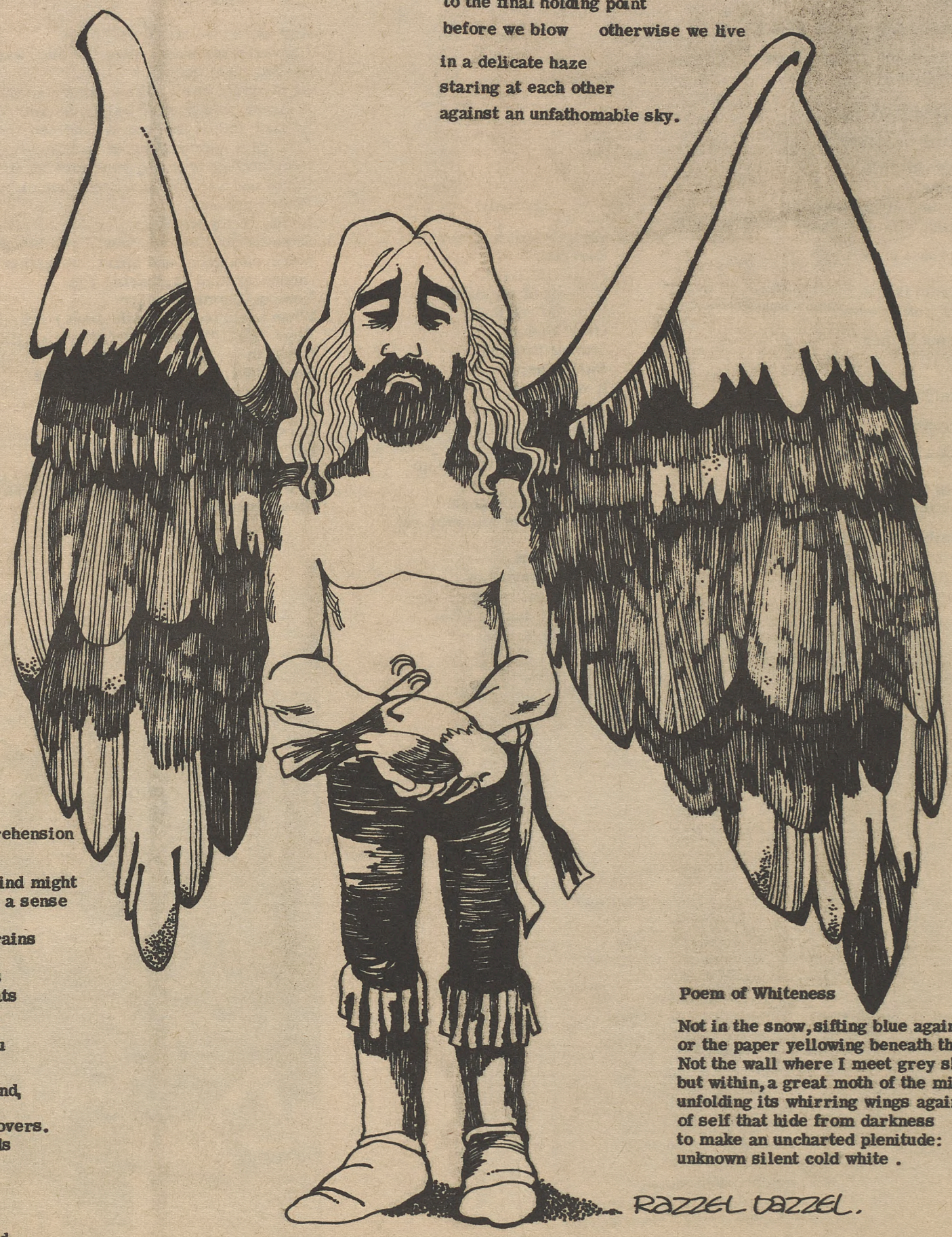
Retirement

Roads are built quickly, quickly.
A wound in the hills.
Great white streaks of roads
speeding like clean-limbed arrows
to the green world, to the dream
at the end, roads to the heart
of palms, to the sun's home,
to the sun always, roads
to great crescents of water,
to waters that wash old beaches
or tangled green paths, waters
that leap up forever to the sun,
fire and water mingling
where the white roads fly
cleanly to death, to the chill
at the heart of death, to tropical
borders, to the old solitude
beyond the markers.

Michelle Murray

1971

In Washington this year how is it to live
quiet in the houses a twisted peace
upon the streets wind from the south
Sweet grass sprouts nine months a year
Summers unspeakable a steady drift
to the final holding point
before we blow otherwise we live
in a delicate haze
staring at each other
against an unfathomable sky.



Internal Emigrations

One can invent a litany
of farewells
starting with autumn
childhood
first loves:
exile begins as an apprehension
visited in secret.

Leave a room as the wind might
to sultry evenings with a sense
of ease.
Turn from departing trains
to linger restlessly
among impassive faces
wearing anony mous hats
and strange languages.

No one comes after you
in this rain.

To say farewell to a land,
a country, mon pays,
is not the farewell of lovers.
There are not two hands
to touch
One steps aboard;
the boat slowly
abandons the port
and nothing has changed.
Only the trees, the highways.
the grasses,
all turn
away.

After the Winter Solstice

Night is being drawn
back from the sky.
Rivers of stars fall
from the springs
at the source

an offering of silence
to silence
abandoning their light
as the darkness
withdraws itself from them

The sign of their homeland
is upon them:
echoes of the full-throated sun

Great hawks soar to meet
stars without glory
beyond our sight

Flashes of light
returning
tinder our signal fires.

Poem of Whiteness

Not in the snow, sifting blue against the moon
or the paper yellowing beneath the lamp.
Not the wall where I meet grey shadows,
but within, a great moth of the mind
unfolding its whirring wings against spaces
of self that hide from darkness
to make an uncharted plenitude:
unknown silent cold white .

RAZZEL DAZZEL.

The Farm

Contingent upon big entrances
Of the mind
Is a certain uncertainty
And grace here

Is it tomorrow yet?
Is it tomorrow?
Probably not.
For tomorrow we bumped our heads

We are always half way there

Meanwhile
This is a habitable enough place
On numerous occasions
Things being as unequal as they are

Some people are swinging, joyful
Others return with death
In the mouth
Reminding us of pain

There is salvation
And
Also
There is oleander

To drink from the oleander tree
Is to poison me
I am sorry to say
It kills all who try

An advanced twilight exists
Through the field
We have some light left yet and
Many visit on Sunday

Today's picnic had
Approximately sixteen cousins
And three
Hairless clowns

Are clowns with no hair on our side?

I whisper warnings and acclamations
(don't drink from the tree)
Also
I love them toward their tears?

What circus could be fairer?

Old friends rise with me
From a crooked sleep
Avoiding altogether strangers
Whose palms itch with disbeliefs

Liars among us are the easiest
To believe
The simplest truth is not
Sometimes it is bottomless

We walk, one foot higher
Than the other
As on a curb
Through our field

We are not terrified

Cooks gather this time of day
In kitchens
Returning juices to the meat
Making preparations through shaded doors

It is not impossible to be grateful
A mother's milk is pure here
Children play about the house
And other growing things

Commemoration
Occurs
We are getting new together
It is the reason to go inside

Is it tomorrow yet?
Is it tomorrow?
Probably not
Probably not.

Entreaty

We are almost there
Bleeding
Artificial light.
Tonight of all nights
If we do not love,
Overlapping,
Moving through
Each other,
If we do not,
Our hands
Will be different sizes
Always,
The roosters will be up
Alone
The crows all gone.
Come let me tell your ear.
Tonight.
If we do not.
The law says Love
Is its fulfillment.
We have learned No
Now can go on.
Discover me.
I will find you.
We are almost there.
It is early

The Claims Adjuster

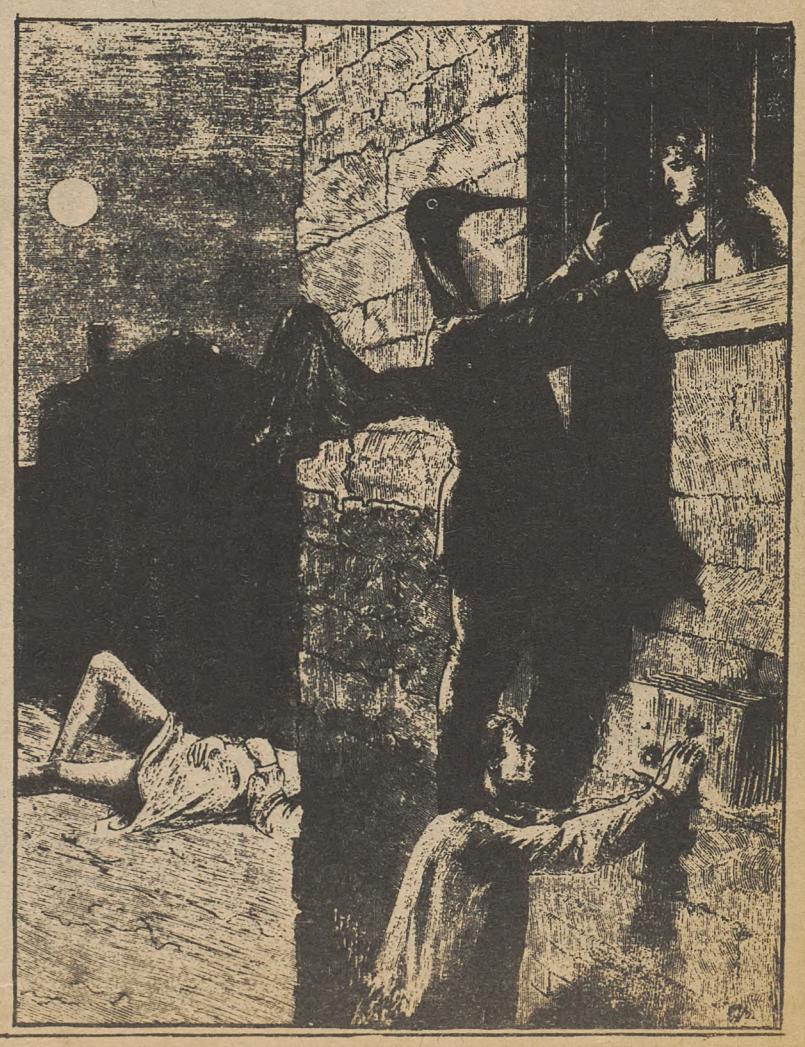
Can we call a cricket trapped within
The wall good luck for us?
When it gets real real real dark,
When the sun is finished whimpering
On the water
And we are inevitably alone,
There is nothing more hazardous
Than dying, I assure you,
No matter how creditable a job
You do. Or needing someone. Oh
That is bad. Now that is bad.
Even if I win the Yale Series
Someday, I am still going to die.
Let us say it together. DieDieDie.
That would be in your favor, to
Say it with me. I cannot cope.
But there's one good thing, I never
Hardly ever, catch colds. Good Stock.

Jack's Curse

The witches cast cold
Round sockets
Eyeing you
Fatherless,
Baking you sweet pits
To rock the jaw
And break
The birthday bone;
Burning candles sizzle
Wickless when you
Are with men
Fireless,
You flop like outsized
Clothing around edges
Of your
Scared dream;
Love knocks on the mind
Like a cripple
Who keeps coming
To call
And rides on in the dark.

THE CRY

And when you called
I covered my ears, after the shot was fired
Seating your corpse
At my right hand, like a dinner guest, you
A sister, who tangled variables and constants
At your throat like beads, like red teeth
Like cats meowing, birds barking
Heartstrings wearing your face as fierce as death's forenoon
Unrolling like so much torn flannel by the yard
Your cries saw
Lights in my windows
Drawing you towards where you thought holy people
Were, connected and apart, we gathered
August around us, leaving you
Your arithemetic of ice
When surprised, I do the best I can, I said
Your "HELP" your "HELP" your "HELP"
Rusts in my fields, a broken car in high grass
Your "HELP" a perfect punchline
To an admonished life
Repeat after me
Carefully and
Say you're sorry that I've sinned
See. Look here
I've stolen flowers to bring your death in our
Clean hospital.



Friday

Did you know the comprehended
Birds ? I loved them all day.
Closing my eyes, so they can't see me
I walked close, unchasing
Silent so they won't walk away.
I always feel it'll be
Better than it is but
Now the birds are stuck to trees.
O my luck. This is the difference
Between the best and just the norm.

The Mail Has Come

The mail has come all right
So the mail has come
All right so the mail has
Come
All right
It has a time and place to
Die too
Expectations and vows lie
On that table
Paper envelopes
dead
White motions
Eager
Vanishing returns reaching
Conclusions
Questi ons and answers
exchanging each other
Flights
Drinking up the world
Busy not choosing
Staining
My table with colors
Of white
Never too far
Expectations of men spawning
Emolems
On a heart lost
To elasticity
Needful
I forget my name
Forgive me
There it is addressing
My aspirations
Even now where it is
Foam
On a dying mouth
My hands move almost
Stopping illusions
Like sounds of salt
Finished
Shaking

The only sad
Really last sentence sad
Thing
On a day when the mail
Has come
Is
It is not to come
This day
Its destinations
Unexplored
I suspect like not threading
A needle.

Peggy

Here they stand, pawing like bears, Lu, Irene, Elayne,
Tarnished in their zoo, curly, straight and flat, as
Neat as rings, thumbs turned inward, hanging like
Tokens on my sombrero, I can bear the looks of you
Who stay on my mirror, cool etchings, I rinse out
With vinegar, one by one; you justify memory,

Joining the sky like birds,
Evaporate like words,
But here they stand again, Lucille, Irene, Elayne,
We killed her, you know, we four,
That abhorent doll next door, with her nursing bra,
And cheap sherry in mother's cut up glass, seared
With designs like frozen skin; her two meatballs
For guests, three for men,
The taut running of her sun, hard, brilliant,
And wrong on her son's face.

We lent her long gloves to go out to dine, and one
Her quilted skirt, I, my time, we had huckleberries
Strung like bugs and cranberry punch to gin away our
Will; With nicity, she tore truth in paper shreds, with
A whole pool to play in, she lingered in her gutters,
Milling away all day, on lawn chairs got at sales.

How we regaled at her thrashing, each time we voted,
Read, went into town, danced, marketed, or made sick
Stanzas,
How we noted her cut surface
On our previous fires, cool and white
Controlled in the face of a psychopath
Who believes things expendable.

Then she died.

Peg: With vomit in your throat scabbing a dike,
Pregnant as a dum whore, starched skin hobnailed
With chicken pox, who but you would get it now,
Out of context, insulting our hands, bleeding
Us all one more time of misery, and old magazines,
Smelling up our kitchens with remorseful covered
Suppers, carried in dishes, down your stairs,
Fetid favors overflowing.

At the funeral your husband talked of all
The milk bills left unpaid, hidden in the
Jewelry box, eighty dollars and some, worth
All that milk, drunk, all that drunk stolen milk,

Pooling and studding us, caking, decaying,
Sour milk, like our possessions finally safe,
In corked decanters.

Grace Cavalieri

We'll Never Be The Same (Until Later)

Gifts
And words
Turning
Bang to
Weapons

Give them
Back in
At every
Junction

And I'm exactly
Uncertain
Our needs will
Lessen
Except this flaming
One

To
Expose ourselves
To
Each other
The rest of the way
Maybe all the way
Armored by hope.

Richard Jester and The Three Guest Reviewers before eating at Eddie Leonard's

THE WASHINGTON FAST FOOD CONSUMING

Cruising For Burgers:

Staff reviewers- ALLEN APPEL, ELLEN JAFFE, RICHARD JESTER, MARK POWER

Guest reviewers- TADD CAMERON, GLYDE HART, NEIL KORPI, KRISTIN MOELLER, CALEA STOVALL

With the wealth of fast food restaurants around, we suggest you don't try them all. First read the somewhat dubious efforts of the Washington Fast Food Consuming and Reviewing Society. We give you advance warning, an honest and reasonably fair report of what lies in store for you at various fast food establishments.

It should be noted here at the start that these reviews were begun out of love; love for that good greasy food our mothers denied us. A treat, we thought, an excuse to sample them all, a purpose for indulging in all the junk we longed for as kids. But alas, we have paid for our greed. If there was one thing learned by the reviewers and to be learned by you, our hungry readers, it is temperance. Your occasional hamburger, fine. But one a day or even every two days is not the way to maintain a life-long joy-- consuming the fast food burger. Fast food is just that. Fast. Made fast, served fast, eaten fast (sometimes not so fast). Never considered to be more than perhaps a substitute for nourishing food. As it has been said, "The joy of fast food is not having to think about it. Don't savor the damn stuff." We end with one final warning. Never try to examine your food. Do not involve yourself in useless wondering about its contents. It can do you no good. It can only do you harm.

Out of necessity we limited our samplings to large chains (with one exception) in the metropolitan area. Those restaurants reviewed were Gino's, MacDonalds, Hot Shoppes, Jr., and Roy Rogers on the burger side. Armands, Blimpie's and The Galley were reviewed for subs and Eddie Leonard's for a combo of both.

GINO'S on Georgia Avenue above 13th Street

The Gino's was impressive at the outset for its massive size. Large and roomy with a seating capacity of one hundred grease craving folks and outside, parking for over seventy cars. It was by far the largest establishment reviewed. The interior was bright brick and wood(?) with windows on three sides offering a splendid view of the extensive parking area and Georgia Avenue. Service was your standard fast food set-up with a large counter manned by efficient personnel. Above the line a plastic sign warns us "For Sudden Service Have Complete Order Ready for Cashier". After placing our extensive order the counter girl, Gwendolyn, efficiently and suddenly filled it. Out of obvious necessity we had to limit our choices. We decided on a menu that would be fairly standard for all the establishments, but would be extensive enough to cover variations in consumer tastes. Menu: The top-of-the-line burger, usually a double pattie with cheese, tomato, lettuce and secret sauce. Standard cheeseburger, fries, cole slaw (when available), Vanilla milk shake, coke, glass of water, and hot turnover. All this was divided among three people and became increasingly unpleasant as we continued our research.

Your most expensive burger at Gino's is the Jumbo Gino. One larger pattie with lettuce and tomato, but no cheese (not even on request). We found it a little dry and suggest the addition of ketchup might wetten it up some. On interior investigation we found the burger well placed in the bun and amply covered with tomatoes and crisp lettuce. All in all not much taste for your 60¢. The number two sandwich here is the Gino Giant, at 55¢ our choice as top burger at Gino's. It's your aforementioned two pattie variety with cheese and delicious secret sauce which seemed to be thousand island dressing. Upon uncovering we found the lettuce to be alittle old and funny looking, but it tasted okay. As we have said, we don't recommend looking inside any of the burger buns at any fast food restaurant. Things get a little messy inside those buns with all that cheese and secret sauce, so keep your eyes averted, and talk to your neighbor. If you must look, look at the fries, except at McDonald's where it doesn't even pay to look at the fries.

The cheeseburger was overcooked, dry and almost tasteless. What flavor there was came from the bread and that tasted like cardboard. With the top off we found a very poor placement of meat (we use the term loosely) and cheese. With cheese falling out one side and burger the other, we found the cheeseburger neither pleasant to look at nor tasty to eat. It did have a lot of ketchup and mustard on it. The cheeseburger, 3 inches in diameter at 27¢ (9¢ an inch) is not recommended.

As for liquid refreshment we found the coke watery with a low CO_2 count. The orange drink was also watery with non-existent CO_2 but maybe it wasn't supposed to be carbonated. We couldn't tell. The vanilla shake at Gino's wasn't bad. Shakes were this reviewer's specialty and I got all the way through the Gino's shake. But as I look back on it, it may have been because it was the first one on this great adventure. As a general impression we found all the shakes at all the restaurants, except Eddie Leonard's, to be largely undrinkable. They are almost always straight soft ice cream out of a machine and into a cup. Much too thick to drink and largely tasteless. For desert at Gino's we had hot apple pie which usually is the only desert available at a fast food parlor. This one was 4 3/4" x 2" and standard popover depth. It's main plus was that it was still hot by the end of the meal though its taste was bland and doughy.

At clean-up time we found the trash facilities to be very ample, as they had to be for the giant mound of paper and plastic left over. General cleanliness was very good with all tables cleaned after use. The rest rest rooms were one-seater walk-ins with mirrors above the sink and hot air driers. Also generally clean.

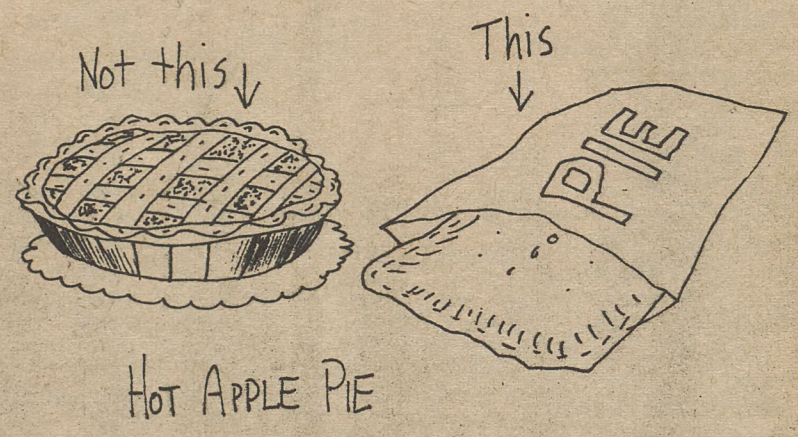
The overall ambience at Gino's is good. For your standard fast food fare it's right up there at the top, or at least relatively far from the bottom. If you're going to Gino's, we recommend this particular address as there is a very fine Polar Bear Frozen Custard stand across the street. Good custard straight from old time machines served up with a smile by a pleasant lady. Try the vanilla cone dipped in chocolate or a regular sugar cone.

HOT SHOPPES, JR., on lower Wisconsin Avenue

Just getting into the Hot Shoppes Jr., is a bad trip. First of all, there's no parking of any kind and street parking in Georgetown is always impossible. On approaching the doors you're immediately assaulted by Georgetown's most cohesive army of hippy street beggars. Frenzied shouts of "Spare change, man. Any spare change?" greet you as they cluster around your knee. A fourteen year old army of suede vested-army jacketed-trainee-supplicants all trying to cop the price of a coke so they can sit inside for awhile. And even when you make it through through the doors things don't get much better. The place looks like a giant showcase for Formica products. Orange, white, red, fake wood and real grime all assault the senses in a bombastic display of bad taste. The tables were dirty, the trash cans few and overflowing and the floors looked as if they hadn't been swept all day. A small dog wandered between booths looking for food.

Amazingly enough, some of the food wasn't at all bad. First of all, an innovation on the burger scene. Cleverly called the "Twister" and offered up for 69¢, we found it to be a relatively thick meat patty on a "twisted" sesame roll crowned with lettuce and an unusual secret sauce whose main ingrediant seemd to be tarter sauce. An innovation, indeed, and not a bad taste. A little bland perhaps, a little gooey, but all in all a worthy contender for their top-of-the-line Royal Burger. The Royal Burger fits your standard mold but I found it unusually good since it seemed to have had some taste. An unusual occurence for this type of burger. On careful examination the definable taste turned out to be an overabundance of pepper but the reviewing staff considered this fair since in the fast food game any relatively innofensive taste at all is better than the usual blandness. It's little touches like this that make a fast food restaurant stand out from the common horde. But then things took a bad turn. Out of the corner of his eye this reviewer saw one of his fellow reviewers actively spitting out his first bite of cheeseburger into a cardboard carrying carton. The cause of this disgusting scene seemed to be a "strong taste of natural gas" that seemed to emanate from one particualr corner of the offending burger. In the spirit of fairness and truth the other reviewers each sampled the cheeseburger and found it to be truly inedible and indeed a bummer. Cheeseburger 37¢. Not recommended. The french fries were warm, plentiful, and quite tasty. Some of the best we sampled. The coke was your standard classic fountain coke, good but not great. The root beer was adequate though a little on the sweet and syrupy side. The milk shake was poor as they all are. Straight ice cream in a cup. Our dessert, the apple turnover, was found to be large (5 1/2 x 3 1/2) though cold and doughy with the filling sticky and underspiced. Second only to the inedible cheeseburger.

All in all the general ambience of Hot Shoppes Jr. is poor though as stated above, some of the food was definitely above average. Also there were no rest rooms.



MAC DONALD'S at 17th and R Streets, NW

For those of you who have not put yourselves into our position, as the Donald Dresden of the fast food industry, the sign of the golden arches is perhaps the mecca of the fast food burger.

The MacDonald's restaurant was visited around your common city lunch hour, 12:00 noon. Approaching the counter after passing through the early American dining area, we were asked by a shrieking counter girl (while we were still five feet from the order area) "Can I help you?". Don't yell back, wait till you get there. She has only established the proper relationship to recieve you as her next customer.

The Big Mac, MacDonald's top-of-the-line burger, is the usual two sectioned, three-breaded, secret sauced, double pattied, single cheese sandwich with the following distinctions. First it comes in a pleasing bright red gift box suitable for friends. The sandwich itself has an overbearing taste of sweet pickle relish which, mixed with the tarter (secret) sauce which oozes from the sandwich, making it far too wet. As usual the cheese was indistinguishable from the bread, as was the meat. The taste of onions was evident, which in this case was a plus as it neutralized at least some of the sweet pickle. It was served on a sesame bun, which again was a big plus because the bread is at least 50% of the taste. The Big Mac, the reviewers unanimously decided, was the least appetizing super-burger reviewed.

A Guide To Fast Food in Washington

The MacDonald's "Seven Billion Sold" hamburger is a true wonder. We wondered how they sold 7 Billion. Upon inspection the sandwich was found to have a 3 1/2" meat patty and an overabundant portion of mustard ketchup and onion with a small pickle slicette.

The joy of the fast food lunch hour came when those who had ordered the invinceble Double Cheeseburger were allowed to take their first oozing bite of the sandwich. The double being double patties of meat, double slices of cheese, single portions of mustard, ketchup and onion on a regular hamburger bun makes for a pleasantly proportioned burger with the distinguishable tastes of meat and cheese. This sandwich is recommended far and above the Big Mac and at a lesser price. 49¢.

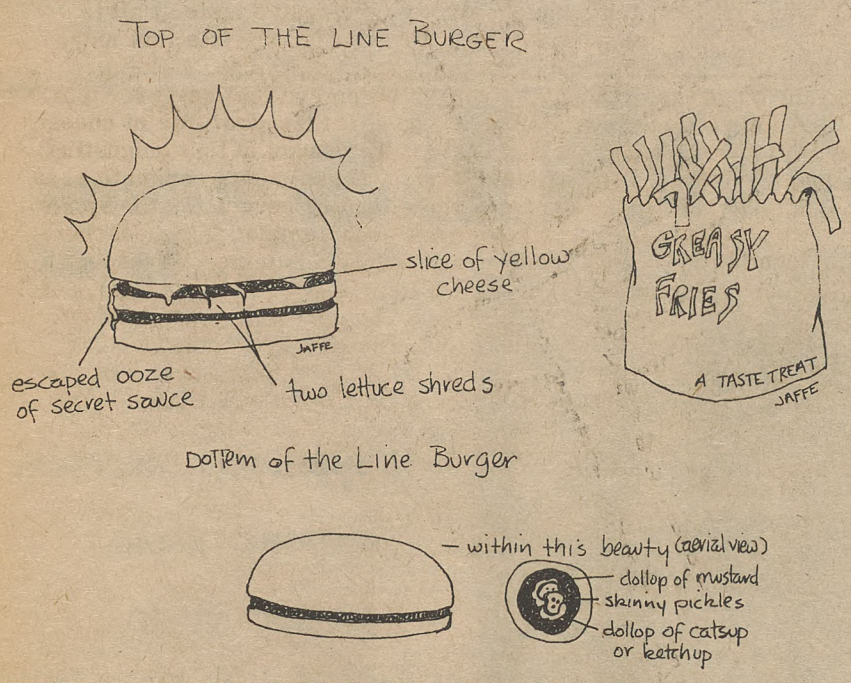
The french fries were good, fresh, and the two consuming reviewers found no recordable faults. The coke follows with the same comments. The Milk Shake was not as fortunate. "Cotton", shrieked one reviewer, "the worst shake yet". The free cold water served without comment was a relief to the horrified taster.

Dessert was as usual, the hot apple pie. As is the Big Mac so is the pie. Gift boxed. It carries a printed warning "Filling Hot". The reviewers ate the pie to the finish only to see if they would find more than the single apple slice found on the second bite. They did not. They did find the crust too thick, the filling overly spiced, with something, and the pie generally bad.

As noted earlier, the decor is early American, tables to accomodate 4 to 6 people, a family restaurant to be sure. The walls are decorated with old tavern and inn signs, establishments which would shudder at the food, let alone decor. Food is served on paper napkins covered plastic trays, a nice touch which helps to eliminate trash quickly by sliding the entire mess of unconsumed food and paper into the adequate trash facilities.

A special feature of the restaurant is the Continental Breakfast of Orange juice, roll or doughnut, and coffee, served 8am to 10am. Mac's opens at 10am. Confused? So were we. The hours are 10am to 3am. For the late fast fooder these are good hours. Just think. You wake up, you're hungry, fast food - what else? A sudden service meal at 2:30 in the morning. Don't count on the Mac's at 17th & R for cigarettes as there's no machine. Last but not least (in this case) the job of fast food critic takes you to the rest room (sometimes out of necessity) which at this Mac's could be disastrous, as the arrow sign to the rest rooms leads to no less than 5 unmarked doors and only through the process of elimination did this reviewer find the one unlocked door to the rest room. Only a monstrous need created by a dire illness would have coerced me to cross the unclean threshhold. It was a mess.

There are monthly milk shake flavors, with this month's being pineapple; a special record by The Jackson Five for only 25¢ (if you buy a $1 worth of food); trash cans outside and no parking. Enjoy.



BURGER CHEF, corner of Conn. Ave. and Jefferson Place

Almost all the good points at the Burger Chef have to go to their excellent physical plant. Though parking is non-existant the restaurant itself is large and clean, carpeted wall to wall and tastefully decorated with red, white, and blue stripes floor to ceiling. The seating capacity is 120 and even at a busy lunch seemed relatively uncrowded though all the seats were full. The tables and kitchen were clean and well kept and the help cheerful and fast. Ambience was generally good, the food itself was not so good. The chief burger here is The Super Chef. This is a slightly different version of your classic but very similar to the Jumbo Gino. Two long, heavy pieces of non-sesame buns smother a wide but very thin meat patty topped off with one thin slice of tomato and six miniscule shreds of lettuce. The whole affair had to be heavily ketchuped to render it swallowable. An interesting fact emerged here. Even though the quantity of bread was so great as to be actually dangerous, the reviewers found that they could taste the meat. This immediately aroused suspicion. On closer tasting the reviewers felt sure that the meat patty had been heavily porked. It was as if the patty had been beefed up, so to speak, by the addition of a large percentage of pork sausage. Now this is clever but were not sure that it doesn't constitute an actual violation of the fast food rules. Final judgement will be withheld pending a chemical breakdown of the actual patty. The standard cheeseburger, on the other hand, was quite tasty. Though the patty itself was extremely thin we found the general placement to be good, with a thick slice of cheese. Small portions of ketchup and mustard along with a particularly succulent pickle all added up to a fine burger. Definitely recommended. The french fries were the worst tested; small portions, undercooked, stale and cold. The milk shake here was even thicker than usual but the taste was found to be above average. The coke was nicely carbonated but short on syrup. The apple turnover was poor to bad with all the usual faults. Even though the food isn't so hot, the Burger Chef, on its general cleanliness , gets a plus. A nice place to take a date.

EDDIE LEONARD

EDDIE LEONARD'S SANDWICH SHOP, 18th & Columbia Rd. NW

Eddie Leonard's located at 18th and Columbia , is one of seven shops in the metropolitan area. The sun was shining and it was the kids' day out. Our guest reviewers on this escapade were Glyde Hart (11), Calea Stovall (10), and Tadd Cameron (9). The excitement grew as the seasoned staff reviewers made their rounds gathering the young reviewers for their lunch. All was well until the order was about to be made with 3 kids and 2 adults (unusually ambivelant as to their selection of sandwiches), when confusion was rampant. But it was not too much for the kind and patient counter girl/chef at E. L.'s. Perhaps with an order of 1 E. L.'s Original; Cheeseburger Sub, 1 Fishwich, 1 Polish ham, 1 Pizza for one (Plain) and assorted beverages one should expect to wait, but the kids became restless and the wait seemd unreasonable. The sandwiches and drinks were finally ready and all sat down to enjoy. The guest reviewers had these comments: Fishwich (fish sandwich) reviewed by Tadd, "Good but a little cool". (It was to be a hot sub). The tartar sauce was good, and it had no onion. No onion was neither good nor bad. The Polish Ham was eaten by Glyde. Glyde said it was good. The ham was good. The bread was just right, though she noted that the best sub she had ever eaten was at Armands. Good taste kid! Calea, who at first wanted a single slice of pizza (not available) finished the entire thing save for one slice that was scoffed up by the staff reviewers. She noted that it was hot and had to cool, and that the taste was good. (I must say that the pizza has improved miraculously from an inedible disaster to a fine non-pizza restaurant pizza.) The Barbeque also reviewed by Tadd was compared to a Sloppy Joe on a sub bun, but it was good. The E. L.'s Original was shared by the two staff reviewers, and found to be a good "American Sub". It features imported and domestic salami, spiced ham, provolone cheese, pickled peppers mayonaise (which is strictly American) on an American soft bread/roll. The sandwich was not too heavy and on the whole, wasn't bad. The cheeseburger sub was also shared and found to be a little heavy on the requested condiments, but not bad. The coke was a little flat and sweet but easily drinkable. Fantastic iced tea! The milk shake is likewise and the best reviewed. Tasted much like a real fountain shake. It was a little thick but the taste was well worth it. The restaurant is fairly new and decor is as if the designer fell asleep in 1958. "Wake up, buddy, who ever you are!" The tables seat four and have salt and pepper, napkins, and ash trays. Well equipped. There is a juke box, cigarrette machine, plenty of trash facilities and no rest room. You can get very cold as the air conditioner works more than efficiently. Counter service was slow, as noted, but pleasant. Eddie Leonard's is open from 8am to 3am and seats 64 hungry folks.

ROY ROGERS, the corner of Wisconsin and Van Ness

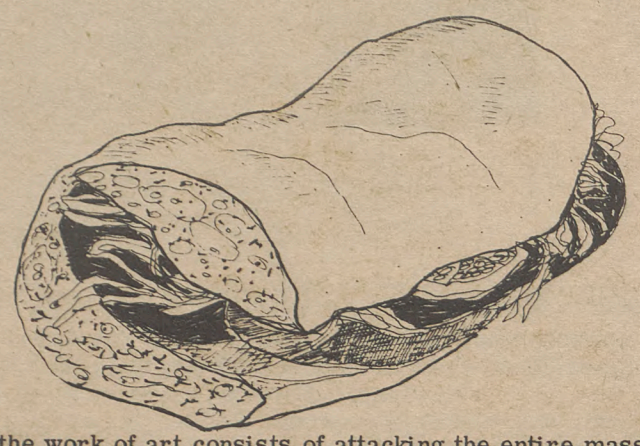
Roy Rogers is the definite winner of the Burger Competition. The creme de la Burger of the fast food world. But let me tell you about the Roy Burger. First of all, it's thick. Thick enough to see that it's well done on the char broiled outside but still moderately pink in the middle. Immaculately placed in the center of the sesame seeded egg roll unadorned by pickle, mustard or ketchup. This burger can stand on its own. At 55¢ it's expensive compared to its competitors. Yes, it may be a little more but we fell it's worth it. Perhaps the only thing finer than a Roy Rogers hamburger is a Roy Rogers Cheeseburger. The same fantastic meat patty topped with a fine piece of American cheese. Next, the condiments. Here again, Roy has risen to the front of the fast food industry. First of all, there's sour pickle relish. Sour, not sweet. In the next bin, delicately sliced onions. On each table are squeeze jars of Roy's special sauces; hearty ketchup, tasty mustard, perky Bar-b-que, and a robust yet subtle horse radish sauce. Try interesting combinations, try them all, experiment, have fun---then settle back for a taste treat that can't be beat. Unfortunately, Roy's ancillary foods are not of the same high quality. The fries are good but sometimes a bit on the salty side. The milk shake was, alas, of the usual poor quality--too thick and little taste. The coke was excellent with good syrup to co2 ratio. The lemonade was also quite acceptable. As Roy's is your family type restaurant we include here a review by Tadd Cameron, our miniature reviewer. It is as follows :Roast Beef sandwich-very good but I learned two lessons. #1-if you put too much stuff on your sandwich, it falls apart. #2-I forgot. French fries, good but cooled too fast. Milk shake, good but did not have much taste. Cherry turnover, good, but the dough was uncooked. And that about sums it up. Let us say that the ambience at Roy's is good if a little strange. People of all types are served by Roy's friendly ranch hands, watched over by a glorious full color fly specked photo of Roy himself. Eat at Roy's rough hewn tables under special chuch wagon lights and listen to Roy's own C& W muzak. A special surprise on date night for that special someone or a hearty feast for the whole family. Roy's is the best. Eat and enjoy.

cont.

part 2 : SUBMARINES

When conjuring up the Perfect Submarine, all of one's senses come into play. Imagine reposing in kingly arrogance on a sheet of greased paper, the Perfect Submarine- or Hero, Hoagie, Grinder or Torpedo, as the sandwich is called in various parts of the country. Whatever its poetic name, it will consist of an impressive length and thickness of Italian bread, light brown and crunchy (a good loaf's crust is said to "shatter" when cut with a knife) on the outside, chewy and fragrant on the inside, drenched in the ambrosial juices of the manna enclosed within: a pungent marriage of Prosciutto or Mortadella, Cappacola, Genoa Salami, Provolone cheese, onions, peppers, red and green, pepperonis, oregano (sometimes with basil)and olive oil (sometimes with wine vinegar).

Of course there is no such thing as the Classic Submarine; that is, every top-notch Submarine man alters the Classic to make it his own. Thus, one might find Bel Paese in place of Provolone or a subtle hint of anchovy complementing the classic ingredients.



Eating the work of art consists of attacking the entire mass with rapid and lunging bites, letting the excess fall where it may, while saluting the creation with muffled cries of lustful gluttony. Some aficianados refine the process by a very brief Ceremony of Appreciation during which the sub is brought to within inches of the quivering olefactory organ (as it simultaneously drenches the hands and wrists with a flow of oil, peppers and an occasional stray onion) before it is sacrificed to the demands of the slavering taste buds.

During the eating ceremony, several sensations should occur simultaneously: one should simultaneously, yet seperately, taste the individual ingredients in a kind of synergistic (not to mention catalystic) gustatory experience. The taste of bread should be experienced along with the piquance of the ruddy Prosciutto, or the Cappacola, sweetly feathered with paprika; simultaneously, one should be aware of the slightly tart Provolone and the pungent Genoa salami. Peppers and onion should be impinging their abrupt explosions on the palate, and marrying everything into an indescribable synthesis will be the olive oil, which naturally, will be Alto Puro, or the best oil from the first pressing.

Sadly, such an experience is not to be had in Washington-or, at least not in the three submarine parlors sampled: Armand's, The Galley and Blimpie's. Part of the reason, undoubtably, is that Washington is not a city of ethnic neighberhoods; that is, the reviewer maintains it takes a good Italian neighberhood to produce a good submarine sandwich. One suspects that the non-Italian preparors of the submarines sampled at the above-mentioned establishments failed to have in their minds an image of the Perfect Submarine; they, incomplete human beings that they are, most likely have never been near Boston's legendary suburbs of Chelsea and Newton, where the submarine was invented, or South Philadelphia, where it was perfected, reputedly by a Neapolitan woman married to a man of doubtful ancestry named Hoagie.

Armand's Subway, located at 5540 1/2 Conn. Ave. and 3304 Wisconsin Ave. (the one sampled) had the best submarine of the three places visited, a creation called "Armand's Special", which at $1.10 was also the most expensive submarine (by fifteen cents) of those consumed.

The Special featured Genoa Salami, Polish ham, Provolone cheese, onions, peppers, lettuce, oregano and cooking oil enclosed in a fairly good loaf of Italian bread. The ingredients were fresh and could be tasted seperately, and the oil gave the sandwich the necessary moistness, if not the required taste. The bread was fresh and chewy, and not too thick in the middle, a common failing of mediocre submarines. (The Classic Submarine loaf has most of the center ripped out, a practice that the Galley alone of the three places sampled, followed.)

Armand's Special was good but by no means was it special. What was lacking? Prosciutto, for one. Flavoring and moistening agents were not in correct proportion to the main ingredients; in short, there was too much garbage and too little meat and cheese. Finally, the crowning omission: plain cooking oil was used in place of olive oil. A Submarine without olive oil is like a marriage without sex. The reviewer regrets to say that all three marriages experienced were without sex.

The Galley's Submarine (The Galley is located at 2040 I St., NW) did not live up to its reputation, that of the best submarine in the City. It was given every chance to live up to its advance billing; five Isabellas (named after the Galley's proprietress whom, if a sketch on the Galley's wall is to be believed, resembles Martha Mitchell) were consumed by five tasters, and a dog. It was generally agreed that olive oil in place of the ubiquitous cooking oil would have improved the Isabellas. The cheese was sliced too thin, although it appeared to be good quality Provolone. The bread was unanimously chosen as the single worst aspect of the Galley's submarine. It was limp (though fresh) and had a kind of commercial texture and 'enriched' taste. Three of the five tasters complained of the excessive use of hot peppers strewn throughout the submarines by a perhaps sadistic server after a specific admonition of " go easy on the hots". On the other hand, to demonstrate the unreliability of the human taster, one complained the submarine was too mild. In fairness, it must be admitted that two of the tasters, or three if the dog is included, thought the Isabella to be a first-class submarine. They didn't care about the omission of olive oil, the quality of the bread didn't bother them and they liked the oil-vinegar flavor. Almost everyone agreed that The Galley uses top quality meats in their sub. It was not a classic sub in that Danish ham was used in place of Prosciutto.

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Blimpie's product proved to be a distant relative of the Italian classic; called "Blimpie's Best", it contained microthin portions of imported ham, Provolone and Salami covered with a quantity of mattress stuffing which an intrepid taste test revealed to actually be shredded lettuce. Sampled seperately, the meats and cheese proved to be tasty but in combination with the shredded lettuce, the absolutely tasteless and odorless oil and the elongated soft sesame seed roll (which properly belonged surrounding a hamburger, not a submarine), the flavor of the main ingrediants got lost somewhere down the pike. Perhaps thicker slices and less lettuce would be an improvement; olive oil and a more mediterrenean type of bread would undoubtably help. More successful were garnishes: sweet peppers with a hint of the "hots" and onion; they added character to a sandwich that needed it. It must be admitted that those who do not carry in their heads the vexatious image of the Perfect Submarine find "Blimpie's Best" to be quite good. One taster, whose wall is undoubtably papered with Blimpie's stock, proclaimed it the best sandwich he had ever tasted; another, who has been seen dining under a disproportionate share of red roofs, also found it to be delectable. And, in all fairness, it should be noted that Blimpie's does not claim to make the Italian classic. Quite simply, they make an American style submarine, good for what it is, but by no means a match for the Italian original.

TADD CAMERON GETS IT ON

It should be noted that all three parlors offer a great variety of submarines beside the classic; that most are priced between 85¢ and a dollar and a quarter for the half or small size; that The Galley's offerings are the most original; that The Galley offers a superb hamburger; that all offer the usual side dishes, non-alcaholic drinks and desserts; that the Galley is reputed to have superb pastry; that Armand's "World's Worst Potato Salad" is, in fact, mediocre, and that their root beer, described as "The World's Best" matches the potato salad.

In terms of ambience, The Galley would have to get the nod for originality. What other restaurant features a window-display of paper knapkin cartons or has air ducts cleverly painted to resemble a cypress tree? Not to mention a ceiling that uncannily resembles a blue sky complete with cotton ball clouds. Being near George Washington University, The Galley is manned by students, freakish in appearance, cheerful, though innatentive. (One taster, himself on the freakish side, remarked that he liked The Galley because "The help look just like me.") A tape machine played a selection from the hits of Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young, a bicycle and a carton of frito-lays shared counter space with the Reviewer, and all in all, it was a pleasant place to eat. One could not help noticing that The Galley was by far the dirtiest place visited, although it was a cheerful kind of dirt, the kind one imagines was produced by the frenzied production of epicurean delights rather than from any innate disposition towards slobbishness. One should also note that your classic submarine parlor in West Newton, Mass. will display the same kind of creative dirt, dirt that consists of food scraps rather than dirt dirt.

Armand's ambience can be best described as a cross between Utilitarian Take-Out and Blackie's House of Beef Ego Trip, the latter being represented by numerous photographs of Armand's patrons choking on the fabulous wares. A number of other photographs depicted Barbara Howar's embarrassment as a 6 foot submarine slid into her lap; others reveal the agony shared by a four-man team from the Daily News as they attempted to conquer the 6 foot sub. Armand's features a take-a-number service system, one that seems to bog down when more than five people are present; a fifteen or twenty minute wait during the lunch hour is not uncommon. The kitchen and floor were reasonably clean; sidewalk table seating featured an earsplitting jackhammer duet on the street fifteen feet away; no restrooms were available - this proved to be the case case in all three places visited.

Blimpie's exudes Pure American Camp. Wrinkle-brown plastic walls, wild reds, oranges, and yellow, a reminder, no doubt of how Blimpie's products look while being digested, a motif of frenetically repeated circles. The clientele seems to consist mostly of suburban kids playing the freak. The reviewer was hit up twice, once for a Metro fare to New York. Service is cafeteria style and features a hard-sell young man who peddled submarines as if they were used cars. The kitchen, floor and tables were spotless.

In terms of stars, smiles or flatulent exclamations - choose your own rating system - the results would have to be as follows:

Armand's -(food)**1/2---(ambience)**---(service)no stars
Blimpie's -(food)*1/2---(ambience)*---(service)***
The Galley-(food)**---(ambience)***---(service)**1/2
By way of comparison, Tony's (Union Square, Somerville, Mass.) gets (food)***** plus!!---(ambience)*---(service) no stars.

END

ITEM: Elsewhere in this issue you will find an article extolling the virtues of the Nonesuch Explorer Series of records of music from many strange and interesting places.

ITEM: On the wall in Orpheus Records is a sign asking, "Are you tired of listening to the same old shit?"

Okay. Because we really do have more fun dealing with customers who are turned on to the more interesting and unusual forms of music, and because we think by now you might just be a little tired of listening to the same old etc., we have decided to get right out there and have a

money-where-our-mouth-is sale!

Nonesuch Records are cheap enough, God Knows, compared with some of the rip-offier (rippier-off?) products available today, but we really, truly do want you to at least give one a try, so how about, from September 16 through September-22,

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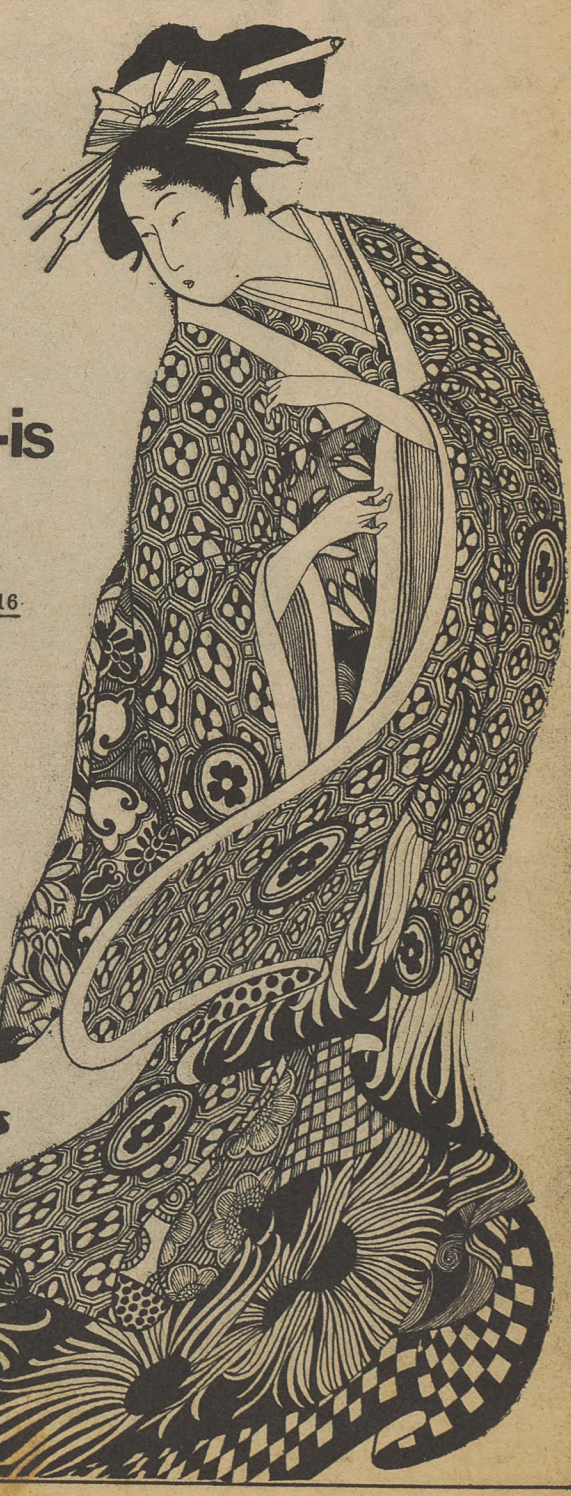
which is, as always, at 3225 M St. in the heart of weird Georgetown. At Orpheus, particularly if you're looking for the unusual such as the Nonesuch Explorer Series, even shopping can be fun.

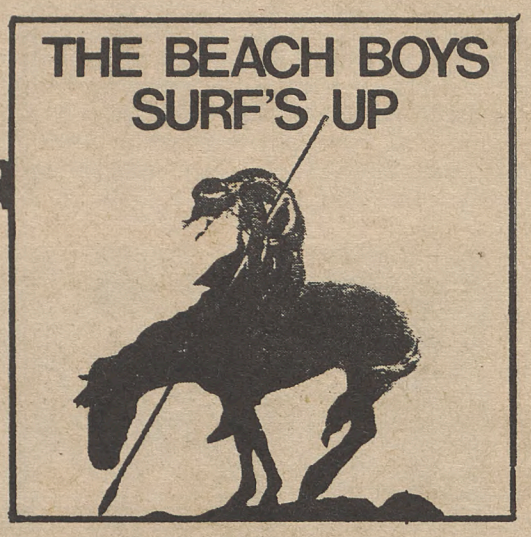
EXPLORER nonesuch SERIES

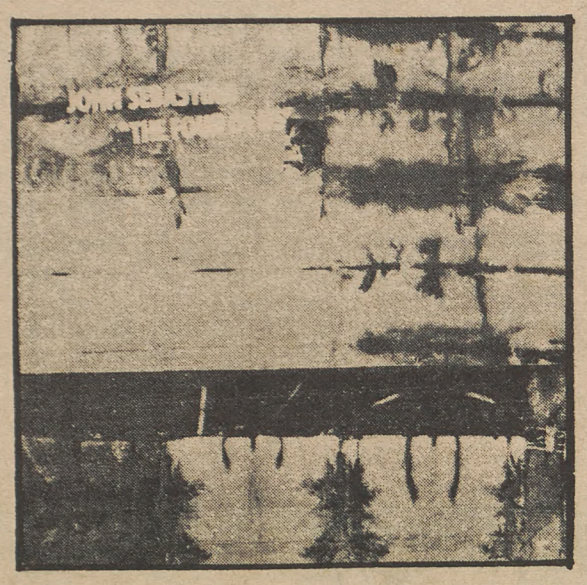


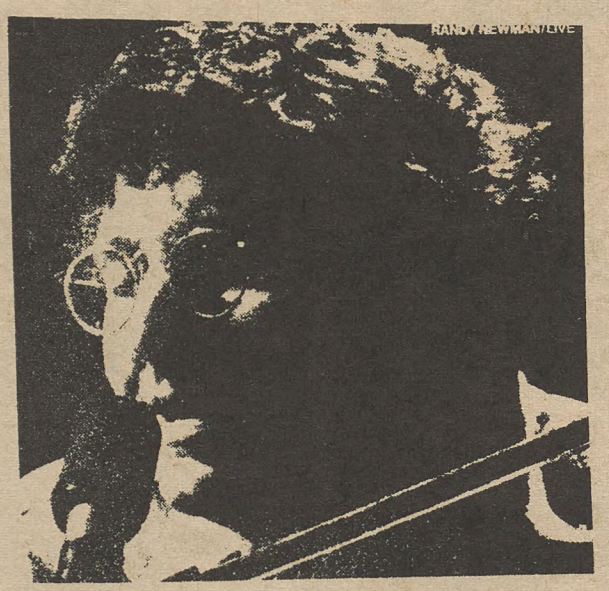
Warners/Reprise

A LOT OF
WHAT YOU LEARN
IS
WHAT YOU HEAR

LISTEN...







All available on Warner/Reprise Records (and tapes, distributed by Ampex).

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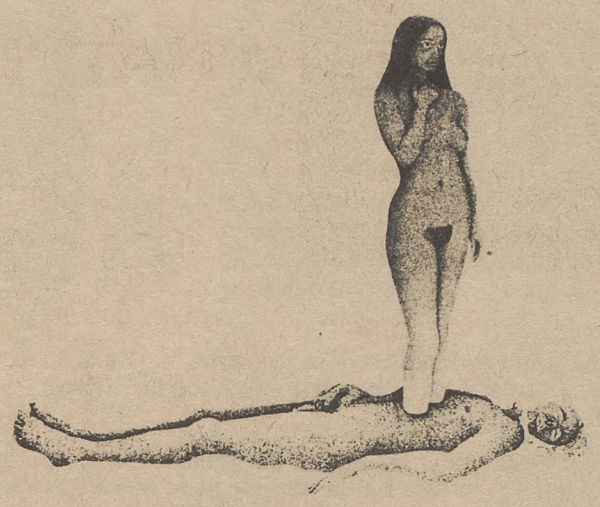
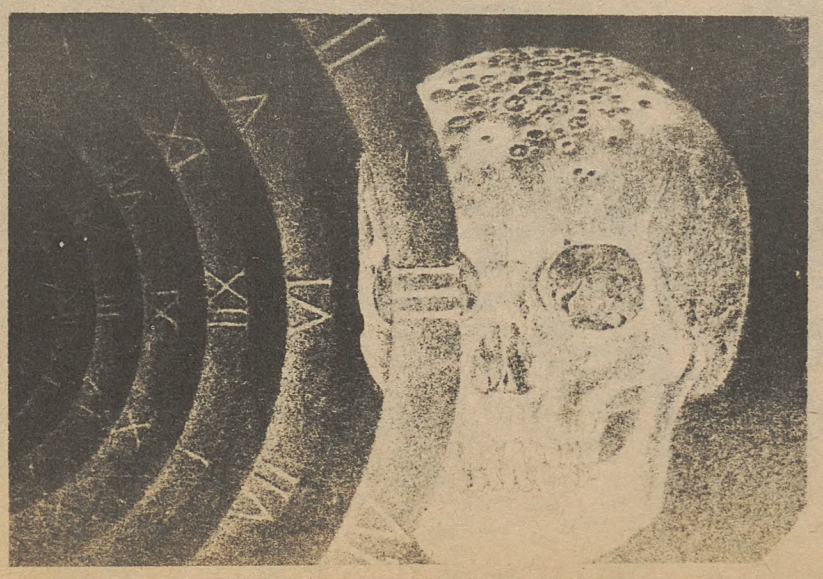
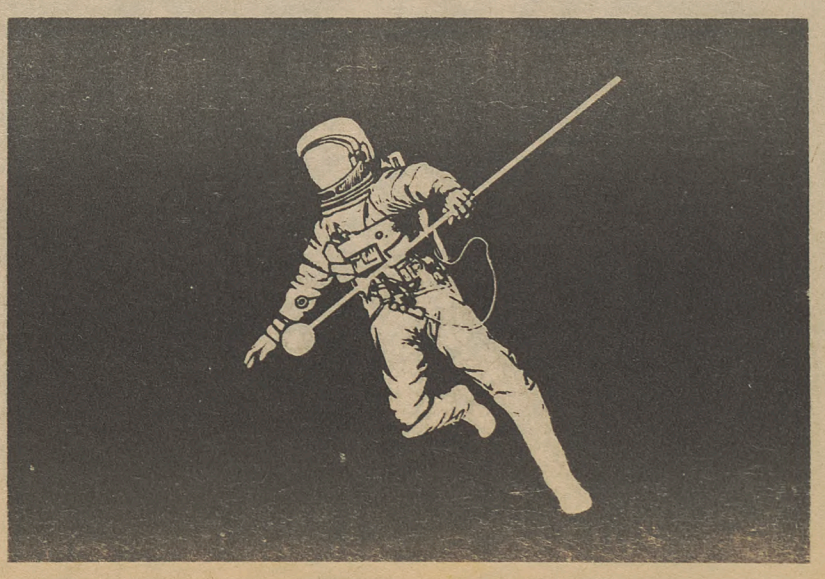






The sky my dream
where I stand
on a land
in fern.

the sky
is fern, the land is loam,
every shadow is my home.

I'm a frog & I know
everything
& as soon as I unfold my legs
the earth turns,
I've got a new shadow.

o.k.
all my geraniums are red
& soft & coming from green.
I'm green and soft
& coming from brown to brown
& the ragged brown fawn
over there at the white rocks
that pour clear water
out colder than I like
never bothers me. he's kind of
stringy
but he's a sweetheart,
about as skittery as the birds
that don't annoy me either.
I watch out for snakes.

They're so fast they don't think I'm smart,
but they're really just clerks
but like I said before I'm omni- ent.
not really omniscient, but I

yes, I
know everything there is to know,
or I could pick it up right away, so for a frog
that's omniscient.

behind my fern the sky is not ferns
or blue, it's the sun on the far side of the green,
warmer than my cool side of green.
that's when I went ahead & said that thing about the sky is fern.
I love the geraniums just as much.

you know? sometimes I wish
I could be a vegetarian,
but I love the bugs just as much.
I love everything I know. I never did
go far from where I was born.
happy green.

I keep saying my, like my fern, my sky,
but it's only because I'm
here.

I think I can call it mine.
I think I can call it happy.
my warm blue.

I forgot to mention, I also climb trees.
even as quiet as I am, I've got an amazing life.
trees don't get me away from snakes,
most of them can climb as fast as me. some of 'em
are even green. they seem to be happy. they
're mine too.
seen blue ones, green, black,
one day I saw this reddish-looking one & what
a monster! he wouldn't 've even bothered to
swallow
me.

one day I almost didn't get away from this dark blue
snake that sneaked up my favorite tree onme.
I was way out on a high limb, way out to the last leaf,
had a fuzzy brown spider on my stomach, we were
bobbing up & down in the air, a really fine day.
the snake was halfway out the limb before I saw 'im.
I shouldn't've been anywhere I couldn't jump from,
but at least I'd stayed over water
& I knew every inch of that water. It was
that real cold spring the fawns would drink from.
well, snake coming so fast I couldn't go towards him to
get a place to jump from so I just undid my pads
& fell in that icey water & quick into this small
cave I knew about & the snake was right in the water after
me, I could see him dashing around from my darkness
be he couldn't see Me, although I think he knew where I was.
this little cave was part of that wall of white rocks
that went straight up out of the water
& they were about as smooth as the pond I liked

so I waited a long time, thinking I wasn't as smart as I
thought I was, & scooted along the bottom, getting
bumped by the fast water here & there, to the far end of
the wall & walked straight up out of the water as fast
as I could.

I was cold, but I was fast enough. halfway to where I was
going,
i looked around & sure enough there was that snake
sitting right over my cave & our eyes met
& he jerked as though to come after me
but he saw I'd be out of reach by the time he
got halfway across, so he stopped right away.
coming halfway would've been like the whole way
because he's have to swim back
and like I said, that water was awful cold.

you couldn't blame 'im, even for a meal.

so I got up to where
I was going
& it felt good

I didn't smirk at the snake,
couldn't, even if I was a smirker, cause I was only
sitting where I'd've landed splat on the side of the wall
if I'd been sitting on a branch before in-
stead of a leaf &arc'd over the water we both hated,
so there was nothing to smirk about, just celebrate
just sort of got into my own thoughts
which never go anywhere
but don't seem to have any limits either,

still had my spider in me
& I did hope the snake would get what he wanted
even if that meant me & spider.
it's a funny feeli ng,
I don't know how to explain it except to mention it,
but it's the truth.

that particular wall I was standing on
is probably about the only thing snakes can't climb
(they're good swimmers, also)
& I was thinking how pretty I must look,
light green against white & white gray,
&I started listening to some birds that were whistling.

I know the snake had good eyes
because he's picked me out there on a Leaf.
probbly real hungry. & they also eat birds, too.
I guess it's the eyes that show up, when you're
commaflodged, either that or the lungs moving.
maybe he noticed that one leaf
was heavier than the others, or maybe
he was already in the tree when I
went up after that little hopping-spider.
see, I've got pretty goood eyes myself.
but sometimes if you're after a meal
you might not notice an adversary is nearby.
same for him , too.

that dark blue snake was still watching me whenever I
looked over
& it's fun changing colors, so I was going to do
a brown for a while
but it's too hard unless you're on actual bark, so I didn't.
I can do those browns well enough that if
you walked by a tree I was standing on
(I cuddle down into the furrows) & I had my eyes closed,
you'd never never see me.

pretty soon that snake across the water realized
I could sit there like a fly till the next day if I wanted to,
so he left before the sun did.
it was a real nice day.

he's probbly like me, & learns something from
everything he does.
I guess that's why I'm happy.
don't you?

I did wish there's been a fly come along,
I was pretty hungry again

so I was sitting there in the warm late sun,
listening to the birds still whistle,
not near hungry enough to move yet
because I either had to go clear to the top of that rock
or back the watery way,
so I just did the easiest thing & hummed a song.
the way we do it puffs out our throats like we
swallowed a big bubble of air that we found
on the way to the top of the pond.
that's what I did there on the rock, then,
before my big climb, was humming.

I sure added a lot to this story by telling
you my adventure
(sure,
I call the adventure mine, like
the other things,

not that it's nobody else's
too) but if I don't tell
everything, it won't be my story

& if it didn't happen I wouldn't be me.
I told it because you wanted me to, even
what you didn't like you hoped would go on & on,
remember? remember. I
know everything.
I've only been alive

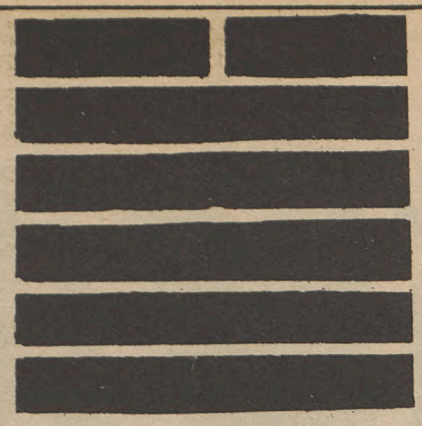
since may
or may not, that's where we change from
tadpoles.
the sky
my dream where I stand.

I could go on & on.
I will.

one thing I enjoy even more than my humming is my silence.
all together they make a song.

this is a poem by Jesse Lou McCarty

April 17, 1971



43. KUAI-BREAKTHROUGH
-RESOLUTENESS

The Judgement:

One must resolutely make the matter known at the court of the king.

It must be announced truthfully. Danger.

It is necessary to notify one's own city.

It does not further to resort to arms.

It furthers one to undertake something.

In a resolute struggle of the good against evil, there, are, however, definite rules that must not be disregarded, if it is to succeed. First, resolution must be based on a union of strength and friendliness. Second, a compromise with evil is not possible; evil must under all circumstances be openly discredited. Nor must our own passions and shortcomings be glossed over. Third, the struggle must not be carried on directly by force. If evil is branded, it thinks of weapons, and if we do it the favor of fighting against it blow for blow, we lose in the end because thus we ourselves get entangled in hatred and passion. Therefore it is important to begin at home, to be on guard in our own persons against the faults we have branded. In this way, finding no opponent, the sharp edge of the weapons of evil become dulled.... Finally, the best way to fight evil is to make energetic progress in the good.

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music of the world: Halfway Meeting

JONATHAN EBERHART

Every country should have a Ravi Shankar. Not because he's India's Master Musician---many, in fact, say he's not-- but because for decades he waged a single-minded (and largely single-handed) campaign to expose the music of his country to an ignorant world. His concerts have always been more to him than just musical events; they have been public relations campaigns, aimed at getting Western listeners to feel at home with, or at least to enjoy, the sophisticated but more importantly, alien music of India. In large measure he has succeeded. His concert fee is now reportedly in the area of $3,000 while still guaranteeing profits for promoters, thanks to his expanded audience; Indian music is studied in several schools and universities, and numerous other Indian musicians--Chatur Lal, Ali Akbar Khan, Balachander--have found favorable receptions for their art.

But Shankar is virtually unique. The incredible, strange and varied musics of most of the world's countries where tradition still holds sway have remained un-championed in the United States, and thus have been confined largely to the outer darkness--or perhaps, deafness. Pete Seeger has tried, and his efforts have been valuable, but for the most part he has attempted to show that those weird kinds of music aren't so strange after all. Except that they are. There are sounds out there that most Westerners have never heard, and, unfortunately, probably never will. Yet many of these sounds could turn on a Western listener, given half a chance, in the same ways as the most vital of American music - namely, that they are funky, or jazzy, or mysterious, or jug-band happy, or even, for God's sake, psychedelic.

The problem has been exposure. If your are a Jethro Tull freak, or if you just sit at home and listen to Enoch Light with the bass and treble turned down, or even if you have just discovered the far-out things an Indian tamboura can do for jazz in Alice Coltrane's Journey in Satchidananda, you probably don't give a damn about laying down five bucks for some kind of oddball music that you don't know anything about. And that's even if you could find out about such records in the first place, since most record stores don't carry them in the first place. And even the few stores that care have had to get by for the most part with imported records that end up costing even more than the overpriced domestic product. (God forbid that one of the record industry giants, which could afford it, should produce a series of international traditional-music recordings priced and promoted solely to expose people to new sounds — Columbia used to have one, but it was not cheap and it's been out of print for years with no signs of life.)

The point of this harrangue is that there is now a group of records which almost exactly fills the bill; and if you are a listener and fail to at least give one or two a try, you are making a capital error of omission, because they will open up your head like nothing since, well, Sergeant Pepper.

Most importantly, they are cheap as hell. They list for only $2.98, so you can buy two for the price of your next Rod Stewart album, and the stores that sell them usually give discounts on top of that. They are singularly well recorded--most of them even use the Dolby noise-reduction system, which really makes a difference but has seldom found its way in the past onto anything but classical recordings. The liner notes are useful, going well beyond "This is what 'raga' means", so that even the most exotic music can be met with some understanding — which is almost as important as "open ears". Even the jacket art is beautiful.

The records are the Explorer Series of Nonesuch Records, a truly exciting company that really seems to give a damn about offering alternatives to the shit that fills the grooves of most of America's vinyl. Besides the Explorer Series, Nonesuch has a vast classical catalog, much of which is unavailable on other labels in this country. A large portion of this is modern music, by young contemporary composers who otherwise would receive little or no notice outside of recital halls. There are even a number of works especially commissioned by Nonesuch for recording purposes--still, like everything else they make, to be sold for a little old $2.98 list price. Some of the discs are even available on cassettes, at two to three dollars less than everybody else

All this stuff is irrelevant to the music of Bulgaria, but it means that Nonesuch really cares about your listening to music that's worth hearing, rather than about ripping off your bread as rapidly as possible. Still, this alone is scarcely reason enough for you to meet them halfway. The big reason is the music.

There are at present 40 records in the Explorer Series, with three more right in final labor contractions, and every one is worth hearing. The best-represented country is India, which seems to have a permanent musical leg up thanks to Ravi Shankar's impetus. Of the nine Indian recordings in the series, though none include the already-much-exposed sitar, three feature the vina, its Carnatic, or South Indian, equivalent. The vina has fewer strings, and they are more tightly strung which means that they are harder to bend, so that the vina is characterized more by rapid tremolo effects than by the long slides of the sitar. The record that best illustrates the vina's difference in sound from the sitar is The Pulse of Tanam, much of which offers a driving, funky sound that is almost bluesy. The significance of this particular recording to the country's music in general is explained in the liner notes, and musicological explanations are not the purpose of this article. The point here is to explain why the sounds might be worth hearing — you can absorb as much explanation as you want while you listen. The other two vina records, The Music of Southern India and The Ten Graces Played on the Vina, are likely to sound more familiar if you have listened in the past to Shankar.

There are three more South Indian records in the series, two of which, Dhyanam/Meditation and Bhavalu/Impressions, are general collections of vocal and instrumental music respectively. These are performed by an ensemble that includes a double-ended drum called a mridangam (which you may have seen in the hands of the Krishna Consciousness folk), a tamboura (the stringed drone instrument used to accompany sitar, vina and other types of Indian music) and a conventional violin (long a part of Indian music through some process of cultural osmosis). The sounds of the violin, however, are far from conventional, and if your ear has been prepared by Richard Greene of Seatrain for bizarre bowings, you will have a treat in store.

Most of the other Indian discs are showcases for particular instruments or styles. Kalpana/Improvisations shows the music of the sarod an instrument that can (very) loosely be described, at least in principal, as a cross between a sitar and a fretless banjo. One long track on this record includes the intricate stamping of a dancer, with the obvious parallel to Flamenco. The amount of music on almost all of the Explorer Series records, by the way, is another plus — Kalpana, for example, contains almost 56 minutes.

The most peaceful record, perhaps, and indeed one of the most peaceful records of music from any country, is The Voice of a Hundred Colors, with the amazing, gentle, multi-tonal voice of the sarangi and, if you are so inclined, a cup of ginseng tea. Kaccheri records a singer named Ramnad Krishnan, who slides through ragas with sitar-like improvisations and flexions which make a vocal pyrotechnician such as Leon Thomas seem limited and amateurish.

Many Indian musicians follow lives of rigid, often even ascetic, dedication. The Bauls of Bengal, however, are ragtag street musicians who combine the ideas of wandering minstrels, mariachis, folk philosophers and diverse other elements into their unique performances. The author of the notes to their Indian Street Music describes them as underground folk heroes, who represent the "popular romantic imagination" even as Bob Dylan, Leonard Cohen and others do here. They also use their own instruments, several of them consisting of wire strings attached to the head of a small drum. Crude, yes, but listen to an old jug band.

Still other instruments are shown in Classical Music of India, including the jaltarang, a cluster of different-sized bowls surrounding a player who taps them while seated on the floor, and various flutes and drums. The sarangi, vina and tamboura are also on the record, making it a particularly good sampler of different Indian styles.

A country that could particularly use someone in the proselytizing role of a Ravi Shankar is Japan. The music of Japan often seems more "foreign", and often even grating, to Western ears than that of, say, India. It uses its own musical scales and rhythms, but much of the strangeness comes not from the melodies themselves, but from the slides, twists and grace notes that embellish the "tunes". Also, the rhythms can sometimes appear to be buried so far below the foot-tapping level as to seem almost random.

CONT.

Not all of it is so, however. Despite the large number and variety of Japanese instruments, the koto—a six-foot-long plucked instrument with 13 silk strings—is by far the best known outside its home country, probably because of its gentle, understandable rhythms and its Japanese sounding, but followable open tunings. The point is that the koto is therefore a good place to tune in to the music of Japan, and the Nonesuch Explorer series offers an inexpensive way to give it a try with two koto discs that perfectly complement each other. The Koto Music of Japan is a sampler of different styles, including a folk tune, classical pieces both early and recent, and some music from the Japanese Noh theater. Four different koto players appear on the record, both in solo performances and in ensembles with the long-necked, three-stringed shamisen and a remarkable bamboo flute called the shakuhachi. Japanese Koto Classics is a full, formal excursion into classical koto music, by an artist, Shinichi Yuize, who is one of the finest available on record even in Japan. He also sings on two of the pieces, and the plaintive, wailing vocal styles also begin to offer an insight into some of the farther out sounds available from that country. The koto is delicate, can be mesmerizing, and is an easy entry into another whole musical world in your head.

In a lighter vein, Flower Dance is a collection of folk tunes, ranging from thumping, happy dances to achingly plaintive lullabies to ancient drinking songs of Samurai warriors. The moods are up. down and sideways; the instruments include the koto, shamisen, shakuhachi, a small bowed shamisen called a kokyu (the shamisen itself is played with a huge heavy pick called a tsume, some of which are almost 10 inches long and weigh more than a pound), along with various drums and bells; and the record is punctuated with an extraordinary variety of claps, stamps, sighs and shouts. None of it, by the way, is popularized, commercial versions; these are traditional songs, performed in traditional fashion. Nonesuch is very conscientious about this, which suggests that it would be a damn good idea for them to produce a similarly low-priced series on American traditional music.

A still wider variety of sounds, though from a particular field of Japanese music, is Music From the Kabuki, the dramatic popular theater of Japan. Kabuki has its own variety of instruments and styles, with dozens of sound effects added as well (such as a tiny gong called a matsumushi, or pine beetle, after the sound of the insect it is supposed to represent). This disc includes more than 50 examples of Kabuki and related music, from accompiment for the plays themselves to the jingles of the vendors outside with their food carts. The liner notes are fascinating, describing the origin of Kabuki as sexual theater, which often became far more permissive, realistic and audience-involving than anything on even the farthest-out stages in this country today.

For sheer beauty, however, few instruments of any kind can surpass the sound of the shakuhachi. Of all the world's diverse flutes, the shakuhachi has perhaps the widest range of emotional expression. Those who teach it say that it takes decades to learn all the things it can do, yet the shakuhachi is nothing but an empty bamboo tube, about 22 inches long, with a slight bevel on one edge, five finger holes, and no end blocks, reeds or other embellishments. A Bell Ringing In the Empty Sky contains two early shakuhachi pieces, each performed by a single unaccompanied instrument. Truly a rare pleasure for the ear.

The music of Indonesia is all but indescribable in an article of reasonable length. Nonesuch has four records of it, with a fifth forthcoming (fifthcoming?), and varied as they are, you will still be able to easily identify the characteristics which give it the unmistakable stamp of Indonesia. The sampler-type record in this case is Music From the Morning of the World, and though it is predominantly Balinese (as opposed to Javanese), it includes a variety of sounds ranging from a full gamelan, as the traditional Indonesian orchestra of gongs and drums is called, to flutes, tuned bamboo clackers and unaccompanied chants. One particular chant, called Ketjak and performed on Ramayana (a holiday that celebrates the triumph of Prince Rama, aided by the monkey hoardes, over evil King Ravana), is an astounding spectacle to behold and fills an entire side of a recording called Golden Rain. Hundreds of men squat in concentric circles and chant "t jak-t jak-t jak", the noise of the monkeys, while in the center, the protagonists in a reenactment of the Ramayana legend face off and do battle. Sit on the floor and play it loud. In fact, cross your legs, raise your arms over your head, sway rapidly forward and back with the music and shout along.

Fed Up Sale!

SEPTEMBER 16-22

Perhaps you've had the feeling that the current price freeze has either come a good bit too late, or else, more to the point, is benefitting the wrong people. Well, we can't pay your rent for you, but if you're a tape freak, at least we can save you some bread. So here's a

tape sale

Not just the ones that we're stuck with, or the ones where we made a secret deal with the company, or the ones that got ripped off from the distributor's warehouse, or the counterfeits brought in in the dead of night, or the ones on one particular label, or all the ones with purple covers, but

every single tape in the bloody place - $4.99-

The one cop-out is the word single, since we're not quite to the point of selling tapes that list for twelve dollars or so for less than we pay for them. But that still leaves a wall full of tapes at a price that actually begins to make it reasonable for tape types to talk about competing with records. Enjoy.

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The instruments in the gamelan, other than drums, are mostly either gongs or marimba-like instruments with bronze bars hung over tuned bamboo resonating tubes. Four of these are used in Music for the Balinese Shadow Play, which is just that: a play in which the characters are portrayed by the shadows of flat, leather puppets, thrown on a screen by rear lighting. You may find the shadow play music rather monotonous as a first exposure to Indonesian sounds. A better introduction to the full orchestra is The Jasmine Isle, a collection of Javanese gamelan music. Don't let any preconceptions about the limitations of drummers, vibe-players or even percussion ensembles sway you; the variety of sounds, rhythms, and overall music is vast, and with a good hi-fi system you'll feel many of the low notes through the soles of your feet. The reason is that some of the instruments are played two bars at a time, with the bars tuned perhaps one or two cycles per second apart in pitch; the result is acoustic beats, far lower than you can hear but easy to feel. Visit your favorite hi-fi shop and challenge them to check out their best monster speakers.

Another well-represented country, but from a far-removed part of the world, is Bulgaria, thanks to the interest and talent of Ethel Raim, a Philadelphia singer, researcher, and Bulgarophile, whose recording expeditions to that country have produced some unusual finds, none of which resemble the more commonly-available (albeit still exciting) fare from various Russian ensembles. (Nonesuch does offer, however, A Heritage of Folk Songs from Old Russia). Bulgarian vocal harmonies include strange intervals, with many major and minor seconds (like B and B-flat played together. Two of the Nonesuch series, The Pennywhistlers and A Cool Day and Crooked Corn, are of the Pennywhistlers, an American group of which Ethel is a key member, which does surprisingly authentic renditions of Eastern European songs. A measure of their authenticity is In the Shadow of the Mountain, which is field recordings by Ethel Raim and her husband of songs and dances in Bulgaria. There is also a state ensemble recording of similar music, called simply Music of Bulgaria. The real surprise, however, and one well worth hearing whether or not you care for the choral styles of the other discs, is A Harvest, A Shepherd, A Bride: Village Music of Bulgaria. Whatever your stereotype of Eastern European music, you'll find a lot here that isn't part of it. There is a Mid-Eastern-sounding many-stringed fiddle called a gadulka, which could have come from an Arab bazaar, and even a bagpipe, called a gaida, that sounds not Scottish, but like the Spanish-Basque bagpipe, the gaita. All the music here, is strong, hearty but nimble, as opposed to the lacy, sometimes ascetic music of the Far East.

A still more revealing trip is Black Music of South America, which goes a long way to remedy the fact that most recording companies seem t to think that only Spanish-speaking whites and Indians live anywhere south of Tejas. The recordings were made in Colombia, Ecuador and Brazil; the instruments are drums, rattles, scrapers, marimbas and a pair of iron cones, struck with iron pins, called an agogo. The music ranges from religious rituals to sambas to children's songs to Christmas carols You'll hope for a second volume.

So far, there are only two African records in the collection. Voices of Africa is high-life and other popular music, recorded in Ghana. While it is not so traditonally oriented as the rest of the series, it is one of the few high-life recordings available here which do not sound totally copped out to the nightclub sound. Escalay: the Water Wheel is the work of Hamza El Din, who would like very much to be the Ravi Shankar of Nubia, and from his dedication in recent years, deserves the role. He plays the oud, essentially an Arabic lute, and sings in his native language. A number of years ago he appeared at a Newport Folk Festival, where his host described his goal of recording or notating the whole of Nubian traditional music, theretofore carried only by mouth-to-mouth tradition. The present recording combines traditional style with his own and tradtional themes. Even if you've never heard the word oud, you'll discover that it has been the sound that characterized most of the Middle Eastern you've encountered, whether in film scores, travelogs or wherever.

The Persian Santur is the music of Iran's version of the hammered dulcimer, or cimbalom. Its sound is that of a 12-string guitar played with mallets, if you can imagine that, and the liner notes, by the artist, are voluminous and loving. A percussive instrument, but one capable of very introspective music as well as jazz-like improvisation. An easy step if you are already into Indian music.

Bouzoukee: the Music of Greece, alas, is one of the more commercial ventures, as, doubly alas, too many bouzoukee records are. This exciting and vibrant instrument can stand your hair on end, but only occasionally does its real potential appear here. A more traditional disc would be a great addition to the Explorer Series.

Bluegrass types, old-timey string band fans and square dance nuts will be only a few of those who will dig Folk Fiddling from Sweden, which according to the liner notes, is the first record issued in the U. S. of traditional Swedish folk music. The styles are diverse, far removed from the beer-steins-and-Austrian-Alps trip, and there's no question that this is fiddle, not violin music.

There's even a record of a Trinidad steel band, which, fortunately, is not one of those that has become so virtuosic that its repertoire is now full of things like the William Tell Overture and Moon River. The Sound of the Sun records the Westland Steel Band, which includes a couple of chestnuts like Linstead Market, but for the most part preserves the sound of the oil-barrel-drum bands as they were when they made their home-built instruments to get around a ban on real conga drums, imposed by the French-planter-dominated official church.

The only record in the series that is a total loss to commercialism is Caledonia, by the MacPherson singers and dancers of Scotland. There is a lot of great Scottish music besides bagpiping, but this clean-cut chorus version isn't it. Forgive Nonesuch, which produced this recording in the early days of the Explorer Series and before the coming of sensitive producer Peter Siegel, but don't buy it except for your ailing grandmother.

Finally, two more examples of how, if you hunt for traditional music, you can cut through the tendency of civilization, or industrialization, or media, or whatever, to make music sound more and more homogenized into its sterotype. The Real Bahamas and The Gauguin Years: Songs and Dances of Tahiti come from different oceans, but both are from traditions that have been particularly victimized by tourism. The Bahamian record, instead of some sort of pop-calypso mush, covers a range of styles from gospel shouting to the incredible finger-picking guitar of Joseph Spence (blues freaks take note—you won't believe it). Tahitian music has, if anything, an even worse image these days, thanks to Johnny Ukulele, Armed Forces Radio, the Hawaiian Tourist Bureau and travel editors. This record is much more like war canoes coming out to meet the H.M.S. Bounty, although some tracks range from lullabies to a song with the same philosophy (and, apparently, title) as "We Shall Overcome". But there are odd vocal drone parts, strange expanded harmonies, conch-shell trumpets. Tahitian music isn't just love, says Jane Sarnoff in the liner notes. "It's hate, and fear, pride and teaching, a way of life and a way to keep death at a distance."

There are other areas that could be represented—Eskimo music, the hairy Ainu of Hokkaido, most of Africa, French Basque, the rest of the Middle East, the Georgia Sea Islands; hell, maybe even the Pine Barrens of New Jersey—and Nonesuch is chugging along. Due soon are records from Yugoslavia, more of Indonesia and an mbira (thumb-piano) collection from Rhodesia. But there is already a truly mind-expanding start.

The Nonesuch Explorer Series has been designed to make the traditional music of faraway places as accessible as possible. One of the main reasons that this needs doing is that the pace of "modernization", whatever that is, threatens to engulf old things—people, ideas, cultures, feelings—on all sides, leaving nothing but a few museum relics, dusty manuscripts by ethnographers, and limited-access tapes and documents available only to scholarly types with Kredentials. Helping this happen, however, is the fact that few people care about going out of their way to explore a new territory, especially if it costs money. Well, a mere record company could do no more than Nonesuch is now attempting. Meet them halfway.

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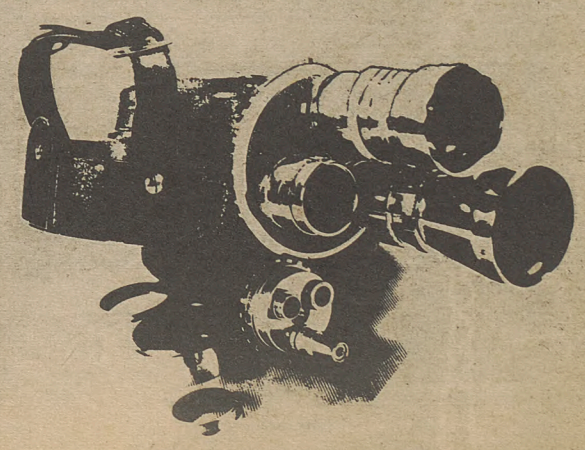

RICK LYON MOVES ON

CERPHE

It's a sad time for the Washington musical scene, for a fine and talented local musician has left D.C. for bigger and better things--namely Boston and Harvard University. Rick Lyon, eighteen, first appeared on the local musical scene just two months ago, but quickly gained eminence among his musical peers. His appearances at Fort Reno Park, Emergency and P Street Beach were very well recieved. The climax of his sudden local success was reached two weeks ago when he won the Washington regional competition for Tea's Music Feat, over such established people as Sageworth & Drums and J.B.& Liz.

Rick's musical career began at the age of five with piano lessons, and in the course of the next four years he was dismissed by four piano teachers for refusing to learn to read music. "Rather than having to suffer through learning to read music, I would listen to recordings of the pieces I was supposed to learn and simply imitate them. My cleverness was successful until my fourth teacher. When she discovered what I'd been doing, she cried. That really upset me, so I quit taking lessons."

At the age of twelve, Rick resumed formal music education when he began studying Jewish liturgical music with Herman Berlinski. Rick claims that study to be one of the greatest influences upon the music he writes today.

Although he continued to play the piano occasionally for the next few years, the serious pursuit of music was not begun until the spring of 1970. The earlier months of that year, he had been active in a political caucus at Western High School, where he was in his junior year. He was one of the organizers of a student boycott which ultimately resulted in the resignation of Western's principal, Sidney Zevin. When the fanfare died down, the fervor which had once unified the student body turned into apathy and disdain. Disenchanted, and slightly embittered, Rick turned to music as a means of self-expression. The energy which had previously been political was now re-directed to music. He joined his first group, a jazz/folk/gospel thing, but only played piano--no singing. At this point he also began his first serious ventures into songwriting. "My first songs, such as 'Open Your Eyes' and 'Can't You See It, Uncle Sam?' have such obvious political overtones because I was, at the time, excreting the accunulated political shit in my system, shit which couldn't come out naturally."

The band scattered with the wind, except for Rick who stayed in Washington and fell deeper into his music.

High School had become absurd by the time he reached his senior year. With few courses and arrangements for independent study, Rick managed to complete his senior year virtually in absentia.

In the autumn he met Tom McNamee (who was then a producer with Columbia Records) which was, as Rick says, perhaps the most major event since he began doing music seriously. Rick recorded two demo tapes with Columbia (Nov.'70, Feb.'71) but was eventuall y told that he needed more time to develop, for he was, in fact, only 17 at the time. Back to Tom McNamee though. When Rick met Tom, the two began collaborating on songs. He soon stopped writing lyrics and concentrated solely on melodies, for Tom's lyric poetry seemed to mesh perfectly with the music Rick was writing in those days. "In November, Tom gaeve me a collection of forty song lyrics which have been like a bible to me. When I write a new tune, I simply turn to "the good book" for the appropriate lyrics." The first song they wrote together is entitled "Music In Return", a powerful and driving tune which clearly exemplifies McNamee's genius:

"I set my sleep in neatly ordered rows/
She scatters dreams like the ashes of a diary page/
I don't keep no records, don't look back/
She comes, she goes--I don't keep track/
The floor is covered with her empty clothes/
Oh, my passion! Oh, my rage! " (c)1970

From the numerous trips to New York, to work at Columbia and/or to see Tom, Rick also managed to write a lot on the train. ("I suppose I owe a lot to Penn Cenyral.") In fact, one of his most popular tunes, "In Ahlluerrahllue"(AH-LU-RAH-LU), which he never fails to dedicate to "the groovers at Ocean City", was written on a train. "I don't know what it is about being on a train, but the basis for six of my songs came on the old 'Hudson Special'. "

Rick creates his music in an interesting manner. "I play around on the piano, with a tape recorder running, for about two or three hours. I come back later, pick up on what I like and work on it. I'm always adding bits and pieces to a song, although I don't think it's possible to reach 'perfection'. For unlike most other art forms, music is constantly changing, becoming more exciting every day. A piece of music can be treated whichever way one desires. Treating a piece of music when one plays it, however old or new, is always a rebirth. Music renews itself."

Being an artist seems to be the foremost thing in Rick's life. He devotes his totality to it, regretting only that he didn't delve into it earlier. Rick regards music as a means of psycho-therapy, for he expresses himself to the fullest emotionally through music. "I'm only able to write good material when in an extreme--despair and unhappiness as opposed to elation and joy. In between those poles is a nether world which only produces mediocrity when I attempt to force-produce music. One can't try to write a song. It just has to come."

The periods of Rick's musical creativity he divides into three: 1) Before the Columbia experience; 2) During the Columbia experience; 3) After the Columbia experience.

Before CBS, in addition to the political songs, Ricky claims Laura Nyro to be one of the earliest influences upon his style of piano-playing. "I was particularly affected by her chord patterns and total lack of restrictions upon where a melody could go and what could be done with it."

The time waiting for CBS's decision was very unsatisfactory, for in an attempt to build up a repertoire, he wrote a lot of mediocre stuff. The decision from Columbia came in early Spring and was the catalyst in bringing out the intense creative passion which had been suppressed for so long. "I really felt good about the music I was doing then because it was genuine. I was no longer under any pressure to do specifics. I was doing what I wanted to do."

The combination of the spring and the resurgence of true creativity drew Rick out of the recluse lifestyle which he had adopted in the winter. During the spring Rick wrote nine excellent songs, including the first song of which he wrote both the lyrics and music since his collaboration with Tom McNamee, "Don't Ask Me Bout Tomorrow", an extremely moving commentary on the now so relevant chic liberalism. Also included in this group of tunes are "No One Loves To Wiggle Anymore", "Full Fine Fanny" and "Goin' Crazy". All three superb rocking tunes which obviously disprove the title of the former song, if one observed the audiences at any of the live gigs Rick has played.

Another song in this group, "Hey", is Rick's first venture into standard blues form. Tom McNamee wrote the lyrics (which are incredible, as is the music Rick set them to). By the end of June, Lyon and McNamee had collaborated on twelve songs. Rick was inspired lyrically and wrote "Time Passes Slowly", "The Funeral", and "New York/The Big Bad Apple", an amusing number about his experiences in "Fun City". "I was at last satisfied with my writing."

Rick was not the only one dismissed by Columbia, for Tom McNamee also lost his job there, just a couple of weeks after the release of the Hampton Grease Band album, "Music To Eat", which he had produced. He continues to write lyrics , and to work on a novel.

Although Rick had been doing serious music for quite a while now, he had yet to perform before a live audience. Following graduation in June, Rick went about setting up performances. He and his band, Dave Bress (bass), Doug Parsons (electric guitar) and Louie Rozier (drums and flute) practiced for weeks in preparation for their musical debut in Washington, July 7th at Fort Reno Park. Needless to say, they were uneasy, but their fears were quickly allayed, as the crowd of 700 responded enthusiastically to Rick's rocking melodies. Of particualr surprise was the reaction to "In Ahlluerrahllue", an extremely simple song of love, peace and happiness. The slower tunes were also well received and of particular note was Rick's interpretation of Stevie Wonder's "I don't know why I love you."

Following Fort Reno were two gigs at Emergency the next two nights as Rick appeared as a second act to Sageworth and Drums and Claude Jones, respectively. For many at Emergency, this was the first they had ever heard or seen Ricky Lyon, but the response was roughly the same as the night before--they really enjoyed him. The group did a great version of Leon Russell's "Delta Lady" as their closing song, and recieved two encores from the Emergency crowd. "I'll always remember that night with Sageworth, "says Rick. "In my book they're the best band in town, and getting an encore from an audience who had never heard of us beforehand, and an audience who obviously came to see Sageworth, was truly a great honor."

After a P Street Beach Concert, appearances were suspended due to an injury sustained by guitarist Doug Parsons which incapacitated him for three weeks. The rest gave Rick an opportunity to go to New York where he got some new lyrics from Tom McNamee, and promptly wrote two new songs upon his return to D.C.

Rick was asked to play at Emergency again, this time with top billing, on the 13th and 14th of August. When he found out that the 13th was a Friday, Rick said, "Something's gotta go wrong". Well, something certainly did go wrong. At five minutes past midnight on Friday the 13th, while "flying" down the steps of his house, he tripped and broke his foot, which is now ensconced in a far out cast of fiberglass. Even injury could not prevent Rick from performing, for in his unimitable style, he trucked into Emergency on Friday night, with a pair of crutches.

He has quickly overcome the qualms accompanying his first performances. "I love playing live now as opposed to before, when I was really uptight about it." He does what come naturally while on stage, and emanates charm as he sits behind his piano. He has great disdain for those hystrionic performers who strut, have fits, ball microphones, etc. It bores him. Rick is keenly aware of his audience and is annoyed if they are chattering. "I am still hesitant about doing a number of my softer tunes, as these especially mean a lot to me and it would really piss me off if people talked."

His three musicians bring out the best in Rick and his music. They've been playing together now for ten months and their sound is clean and very tight. While all four are excellent musicians, none of them overplays, and the result is a well-balanced unit. Rozier's drum work is tasteful and innovative. His ten-minute solo during "No One Loves To Wiggle Anymore" is a joy to watch. It's a shame that, due to the fact that all four attend college in different cities, the group is no longer able to play together.

When asked if he planned to return to a recording company, he replied, "Not anytime soon." His plans for the future include college in the fall and more writing. He hopes to do some solo gigs in Boston until he can get together with some new musicians.

Being so young is a novelty in the recording industry, and an eighteen year old with as much talent and self-motivati on as Rick Lyon has got to go far. Since I first interviewed him in March, I have witnessed taking place in his musical style and it appears to me that, as does wine, Rick Lyon improves with age.

The predictability of rock is getting to me these days, but we have not yet been saturated by Lyon's approach to music, that is, fresh, exciting and in true rock'n'roll fashion. To me, his piano playing is the height of his talent; he can play anything with superb confidence and authority. His piano music mixes the classics with Earl Hines and Floyd Cramer, gospel with blues, ragtime with plushy middle of the road, and yet yet it all comes out a coherent means of self-expression. He works tirelessly at his music and is his own strict taskmaster. I have no doubts that this is just the beginning of a long and enduring musical career for Rick Lyon.

Washington's loss is certainly Boston's gain.

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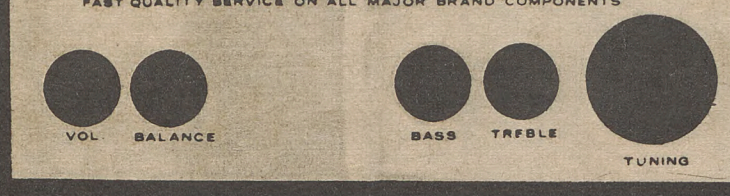

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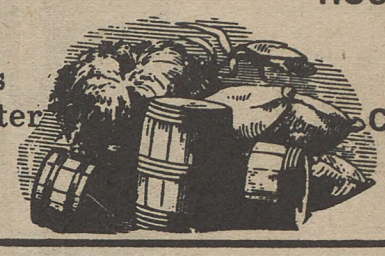

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UNDERGROUND COMICS

By James Leed Druid Free Press

Trying to make sense out of all the underground comics together is nearly impossible, however, we could say that they portray almost every aspect of American life as a totally negative culture. Satire of the scope and depth of the masters such as Robert Crumb requires an entirely new perspective since it breaks the rules of straight comics by placing old and familiar characters from newspaper comics in new and very incongruous situations. Unless we have been through the kind of changes the underground comics portray, the ethical ground is cut out from under our feet. The nihilistic rejection of all forms of behavior is no newer than Aristophanes, but as this rejection is re-enacted, it becomes totally relevant, powerful and shocking. If the values which Crumb and the other masters seem to reject are shadows, then the struggle to destroy them is both as easy and difficult as killing shadows. The vulgarity of the underground comic strips frees vulgarity from its aesthetic straight-jacket as has happened in the other arts. Crumb did not make America look profane; America is profane. Thus spoke the Liberal. "But what are you going to replace it with." The word "replace induces visions of a television repairman with a box of picture tubes. The television, he wants to repair has become a total feedback system that devours, digests, and excretes little more than the sound of its own voice, a voice that says, "Produce, consume, and maintain the established order."

But does the underground comic strip reflect America in a way totaly unlike the mass media? As part os the same absurd whole, we do not have the opportunity to view the entire mess of this insanity from afar. I have known all of The characters in these comics myself, and I have seen every cliche of speech, life, and action whom they embody. Not all of these characters are totaly familiar to everyone, but they are close enough to universal types that many of us can recognize them. It does not require a good knowledge of the comic strips of the newspapers during the last thirty years to be familiar with the people we encounter in the underground comics, because the characters of the mass media comics are drawn from American life as well as the characters of the underground comics. What people created by the mass media. When these comics distort an already distorted image, the effect. In this sense we are dealing with the most verified portrait of American found in the contemporary arts.

What, then, is the meaning or value of this kind of distortion, and this kind of profanity. Marcuse syas that by breaking a taboo against something or someone held sacred, by using a profanity to declaim him or it, then what was held sacred is completely destroyed in a verbal sense (such as calling Johnson "superpig"). Not only does the sacred become profane, but the profanity itself becomes more sacred. All the dignity and pomp associated with our institutions and rulers is swept away. The projected God of state and culture is nothing more that a beast. In one of the last issues of Zap Comics no. 7 there is a strip portraying incest in the happy American family. The sister blows the brother, the father seduces the daughter, then the mother seduces the son, and they all go on the happy ways saying what a great thing it was and how families should do this kind of thing more often. With the kind of sexual repression we have in this country, this kind of neurosis is to be expected. We can expect to be both violent and encestuous. If sex is dirty, then violence and incest must be beautiful. Wars are fought by sick and frustrated young men who can't find the sex they want in their own country. I would ask whether the profanity and filth of our own social institutions as well as their oppression is worse than calling them by the very name they deserve: Shit and nothing more.

The problem with the attack of the underground comics is that they deal with every part of the entire society. The freaks look just as absurd as the straight people. People who fear dope, and people who live dope as two entirely different life styles are put in thy same satirical pole. Two identical looking freaks approach each other on the street, and one says to the other, "Dope?" the other, "Definitely," the first, "Stoned?" The second answers" An undeniable fact on the face of it." They both go through incredible antics when they find a chick, and finally end up shooting speed in her ass. After this they go looking for some more dope, and are destroyed by a baby schnooks revolutionary who destroys everyone in Haight with a bomb. No one understood the meaning of the revolution until he came along. Fritz the Cat mouthes every single cliche of hip language. Everything these characters do is absurd, Crumb seems to be saying that the behavior of the greak is just as ritualized as that of the straight person. In the strip "Western Man." L.B.J. is out to clean up the streets from the threat of all them hippie-commie-dope-perverts. When the preverts are all thrown in jail, a little old lady thanks L.B.J. who immediately turns on her and threatens to throw her in jail as well if she doesn't get in line. Fascism turns on the very people it pretends to defend. The dope Holy War is one of our ultimate profanities. In Zap no. 7 the meth-freaks shoot it out with the Fedsin a very bloody drawing. This is what actually happened in Southern California last summer. Meanwhile Operation Intercept.

We are dealing with the most relevant form of social criticism, a kind not to be found in any other form of mass media. Everything found in the underground comics is also found in America, and everything found in America is also found in the underground comics. The principal problem in creating universal types is that the veryspeople they are out to attack probably never see themselves in these comics. The satirical tradition of Swift has done this to satire. The portrait of Mr. Natural, Wonder Warthog, and White Man come to the heart of this matter. Mr. Natural is the Non-dope wise man. He is full of advice and he is more that willing to give it. He comes down out of the hills and his idyllic existence to visit Flakey Foont in the city in order to bless him with his meaningless statements and discover his non-existent problems with own style of Freudian analysis. He is always out to convince Flakey Foont that he just doesn't know where it's at. He is a Phoney that everyone seeks out for advice. Mr. Natural is the Hip Young priest, the dope mystic, the fake occultist, the man next to us at the bar, or just any obnoxious freak with a big mouth that everyone is fooled by Mr. Natural is more alive than the God he claims to know.

Far from merely being a parody of the Nazi and Superman mentality of the American male, White Man and Wonder Warthog represent one of the greatest sickness of our times: that self-expression and personal action can only be accomplished by schizoprenic states of consciousness. Wonder Warthog cannot do anything as Philbert desanex the "mild mannered reporter," but must change into Wonder Warthog, a strange mixture of a fascist god, superpig, and Mickey Mouse. Wonder Warthog develops an elaborate plan to seduce Lois Lamebrain, the secretary. Instead of being open about the whole matter, he waits until she goes into a supply closet, then he exposes himself as Wonder Warthog and Lois immediately gives in. As he strips off his costume, Lois discovers that Wonder Warthog has an embarrassingly small penis and then laughs at him. Upon this, Warthog decises to use his snout insedad and murders Lois by knocking her out a window. Everything from phallic worship to sexual embarrassment comes out in this. The hog of steel is out to destroy a Smut-Ring that is selling filth to our children (expecially to get an underground Cartoonist named Robert Scum): This is the essence of the American male's sex game role: to be brawny and violent as possible exteriorly inorder to hide his sexual impotency . . Wonder Warthog is everyone who chooses to play this game, John Wayne, L.B.J. and all of them.

There is a fixation to sexual perversion in Zap Comics. A Dyke shoots up hot boiling come and grows a cock; one prevert pirate strikes up a friendly conversation with another pirate so he can "fondle the tool" of another pirate; he then cuts it off and eats it. The prevert pirates battle the dyke pirates and the battle ends up in a mass orgy. This type of behavior is not created by the underground comic strip writer. Our fascination with fallatio and phallic worship in everything from the Holland Tunnel to the Empire State Building. The battle between the dyke and fag pirates is like our own homosexual name calling. To the other sex one sex is crawling with preverts . . The easiest and cruelest way to dismiss someone is simply to call him a queer. The two pirate ships contained the entire population of American sexual insanity. Why Zap comics is filled with parodies of breast and phallic fetishes is apparent: Sexuality is to be measured according to organs in this culture, and not according to behavior. What this means is that our concept of a "normal heterosexual" (say as determined by body magazines and Playboy) creates an archetypal homosexuality for those who are caught up in worrying about their sexuality according to these standards. Again, we find that the mass media are the culprits. What we are left with, then, after all our. Given the mass media, we will have mass mind, and a mass sexuality which they choose to determine.

There is a strange sort of parallel that we find in the underground comics: the grotesque quality of the drawings goes evenly with the grotesque quality of the language. Just as an ugly fat character, Chesis K. Rice, cares about nothing more than eating a hamburger (which nearly kills him) in a similar way the ugliness, though not necessarily profanity, of Chesis" language repels us as much as the contour of the figure. Most of the sentences that the characters in thexe comics use are ungrammatical, and the quality of the slang makes them difficult to read and at times unintelligible. The American comics such as Lil Abner are responsible for the perpetuation of a disgusting kind of language and slang that they shoved down the throats of the masses as the standard language of our times. If Wittgenstien knew the kind of "orginary language" that occupies the lips of people not belonging to his own intellectual elite, he probably never would have idealized such language over the language of Philosophy. In our attempt to free ourselves from the restrictions of strict grammatical conventions-conventions conventions which greatly differed from mass language (mass language has its own conventions), - especially that of dialectical mass language-we have used and emphasized dialects and slang to an absurd and repulsive degree. The thrust of the attack on grammar bases itself on anti-intellectualism, grass-roots and cornpone language that them city preverted intellectuals don't use. Appropriately, Robert Crumb writes on the front cover "for adult intellectuals only." He has sighed the last issues of his works "R. "the queer" Crumb"

But this same fascination with the profane, the grotesque and the ugly in American culture is both a strength and a weakness in underground comics. The very source of the ugliness is a dead culture and system of values that no one really wants to oppose since they are dead but lingering like a stink around the house; like a stink, however, this culture of the earlier part of this century still manages to oppress and stifle us. Crumb draws the bulk of his material from the Absurdist cartoon of the 1930's. He deliberately uses overstated of the fifties and early sixties. It would be too easy to say that because the underground comics are mainly critical of straight society that they affirm the underground life-style completely. There was one issue put out a few month back by a group of Bay area radicals called Radical America Komiks. Oddly enough, this was very critical and satirical toward the SDS and radicals in general (largely because a revisionist named "Moscow" had a great deal to do with this issue). This issue also raised some of the most significant questions pertaining to the movement. In Bijou, there is a story about a W.S. A. member who decides to get work in a factory so he can infiltrate the proletarita. What happens when he starts spouting off the Marxist line to the man next to him on the assembly line, you can very well guess: "you and the masses can unite, worker, and throw of the ruling class . . . Hugh? I'm not even Catholic . . . No, listen, the bourgeois capitalist elite through the mass media has the proletarita enslaved, see? . . . Youre all slobs, get a haircut, take a bath." Eventually he quits his job, saying "I think we better hurry up and get the revolution over with and then educate the working class." In America we are left with the strange phenomenon that the types of oppression are as many and as varied as the different oppressed classes: the white collar computer operator and the lawyer are oppressed by their wealth and are the tools of the power structure, the lower middle class working man is poorly paid and remains politically bankrupt because the ruling class has the sympathy turned towards the poor black because hs is the most likely to cause trouble. Wallace, oddly enough, was the only person who could talk to the lower middle class; S.D.S., on the other hand, has supported the minority groups to the exclusion of the white lower middle class. Only recently has this begun to change. Since the lower middle class sides with the ruling classin trying to attain wealth and statur within the system, the typical language and jargon of the radical previously only with the oppressed minorities sounds foreign to him. There is no way out of the system, and this is the point of these comics. Only the total destruction and anihilation of the system will stop it.

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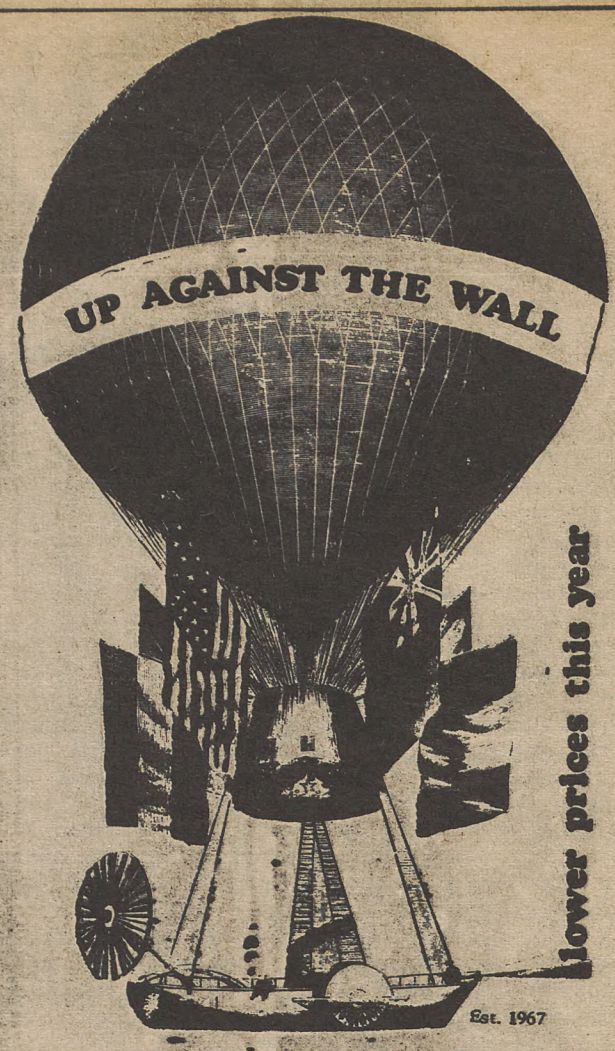

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Blue Lotus Roller Derby

CECILY PEARSON

Blue Lotus Roller Derby is a nine person show opening at the Gallery Marc (Lobby Suite 113, 2121 P St., NW) on September 21 and closing on October 9. The work to be displayed is by the following artists:

Allen Appel
Gregory Kwater
George Founds
Octavio Perez
Kristen Moeller
Ascian
Richard Jester
Timothy Amussen
Richard Gallatin

I spoke the other day with four of the participants in a studio at the Workshop (where they work), just off Dupont Circle, and I learned some things about the origin and importance of this drawing and graphics exhibition.

Ascian: Marc Moyens (with Minnie Odoroff, co-owner of the Gallery Marc, and also a man who has developed an extensive art collection) wanted to know if I was interested in being part of a show. And at that time he had been in touch with a person named Gregory Kwater. I said that I was interested; and I said that I wasn't interested just in having a small show, I wanted a number of other people who hadn't been shown to show along with us. And I had a number of friends who had never been shown before, so what I did was have him over to the house and I started showing him different people's work. I showed him Octavio Perez' work, and Kristen's work, and I got a portfolio of Allen Appel's work and showed that to him. And Richard Jester's and Timothy's. And I showed him all their work. Now, except for people who Marc found (who were Richard Gallatin and George Founds), all the rest of us had been friends for a long time. Founds doesn't live in Washington, and Richard's a printer in Washington who had stopped drawing because he hadn't found an audience; and so when he became a part of the show, he began working again. So it was like a really good thing; it reinforced him.

Richard Jester: Is that me you're talking about?

Ascian: Yes... All the rest of us have been friends for years. Allen is a photographer. Tim Amussen used to be a printmaker, Richard Jester is a printmaker at the Workshop who works upstairs with the photographers so I've known these people, we've known each other for years. Octavio Perez is a person I've known for eight years, whom I went to Europe with in '64; Kristen and I are boyfriend and girlfriend -right-?- So I introduced all that work to Marc Moyens and we all got together and that was about a month ago.

Cecily Pearson: Have you all been in the Washington area long?

Ascian: We don't know very much about Gallatin and Founds, but the rest of us have. I've gone out and I've met Founds; I spent a day with him because I really wanted to know everyone who was going to be in the show. I felt to a certain extent responsible for putting all these people together. He's teaching somewhere on the Eastern shore, at a college. He just got a teaching job.

Cecily Pearson: What about the age of these people?

Ascian: Thirty-eight to twenty. And the average age is probably around twenty-five. Some of us have shown before. Allen Appel had a show at the Icon Gallery in May 1970. Gregory has hung his work for years, and I don't know that he ever had a show, but that's how he stays alive. And Founds, I imagine, has had shows at school. Octavio hasn't shown anywhere and Kristen has never had a gallery show. I had a show here and Richard (Jester) was part of a group thing at the Corcoran. Tim hasn't shown. And Gallatin I don't think has shown.

Richard Jester: Tim, myself, Ascian and Allen, having been a part or still being a part of this Workshop, have work exhibited and sold here.

Cecily Pearson: Is anyone doing painting?

Richard Jester: No. All drawings and graphics. All the people who are in the show are graphics oriented. The one exception I might make is Gregory; some of his drawings have a very painterly quality.

Cecily Pearson: Is this just by chance, or is it part of the policy of Workshop?

Richard Jester: Well, Workshop is a graphics workshop. It's a printmaking studio.

Cecily Pearson: Well, getting back to how the show came together...

Ascian: Yes, well we all got together, we all brought our work, and put our work around in the room and looked at each other's things and everyone felt really good about everyone else's work. Everyone was excited. And so we decided on everyone who was there being in the show. That was the nine people. Then we had to decide on a name for the show and we had to prepare an invitation.

Cecily Pearson: Any explanation for the title?

Ascian: No. Well, just like all associations. Very heavy associations with blue and lotus, and humorous ones with roller derby.

Richard Jester: AT the same time very light and natural being blue lotus and very heavy being roller derbies. A lot of things can come out.

Ascian: So we organized here at the workshop, and Allen took photographs of everyone's work; and then Richard and I laid the invitation out and worked with the printer on getting it done.

Richard Jester: We worked with the Gallery's printer, and they printed it and because it was fifty-eight inches long (it falls open like post cards) the printer couldn't do it all on one sheet, so we agreed to put them together after they were printed.

Ascian: So we set up an assembly line in the Workshop. We had to fold, glue, press together; so it was not just like nine different artists but nine people who were all friends who had a strong feeling about being with each other. And the same thing was true with the framing. We framed all the pieces for the show at the Workshop. Lou (Stovall, the director of Workshop, a group of artists working individually or together, but in co-operation and for profit in a building provided by the Corcoran), gave us permission to do that work here and a lot of us are very poor so he sold us the frames at wholesale prices. To a large extent, this show couldn't have happened without that.

Cecily Pearson-Is Lou Stovall the director?

Ascian: No. He's a Master Printer. He's a silkscreener.

Cecily Pearson: What techniques and materials do these artists use to make their images?

Appel: My work is unusual in this show because it's primarily photography. And the last show I had was a show of photography and I've begun working in collage.

Ascian: What he does is take the photographs and oil the surface with old photograph coloring pencils so that it isn't photography anymore, The fact that he glues pictures and magazine photographs on top of his own photographs makes it some new form. Which is why he's a part of the show, because this is primarily a graphics show and work is primarily graphic work- the coloring, the addition of collage, and so on. Kwater has just started working in oils; he's worked in pen and ink and acrylic. George Founds uses pencil and transfer. Octavio works entirely in pencil. Kristen works in acrylic and conte crayon and pastel. And she is just showing her drawing, none of her paintings. I work in pen and ink and collage; Richard Jester works in colored pencil and Timothy's are all pen and ink and Richard Gallatin's are all collage, pen and ink, painting, a combination.

Richard Jester: Gregory has a dead frog. Which, as you can see, is trying to be framed.

Cecily Pearson: How long do you think it's going to last?

Richard Jester: Forever. It's polymered, which is a plastic. It'll outlast laquer. All the art in the show would be described as representational rather than abstract.

Allen Appel: Almost everything everybody does is a picture of something. Which is relatively unusual.

Cecily Pearson: What sort of prices are being charged?

Richard Jester: The prices begin at $75.00.

Kristen then took me over to the Gallery Marc to see Blue Lotus Roller Derby. The long conversation had been a just preparation for an exciting series of visual images. The Show has great continuity, for no single or several visions predominate; there must be a nearly chemical harmony between the nine partners. Nevertheless, they are nine different heads making up this continuum of pictures, and the passage from one locus to the next stimulus brings on the vibrations of surprise and delight and mystery and fear and love and humanity.

I enjoyed it immensely and I recommend going to see rare treats with strong import.

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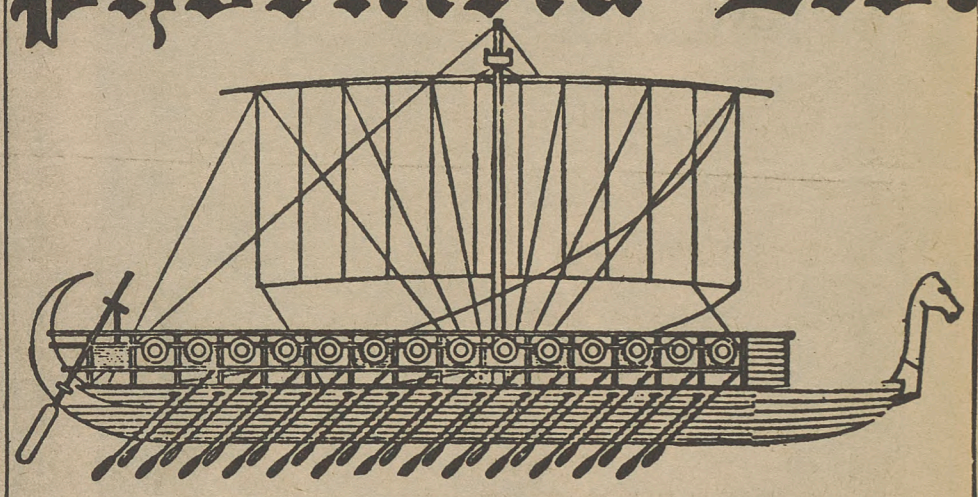

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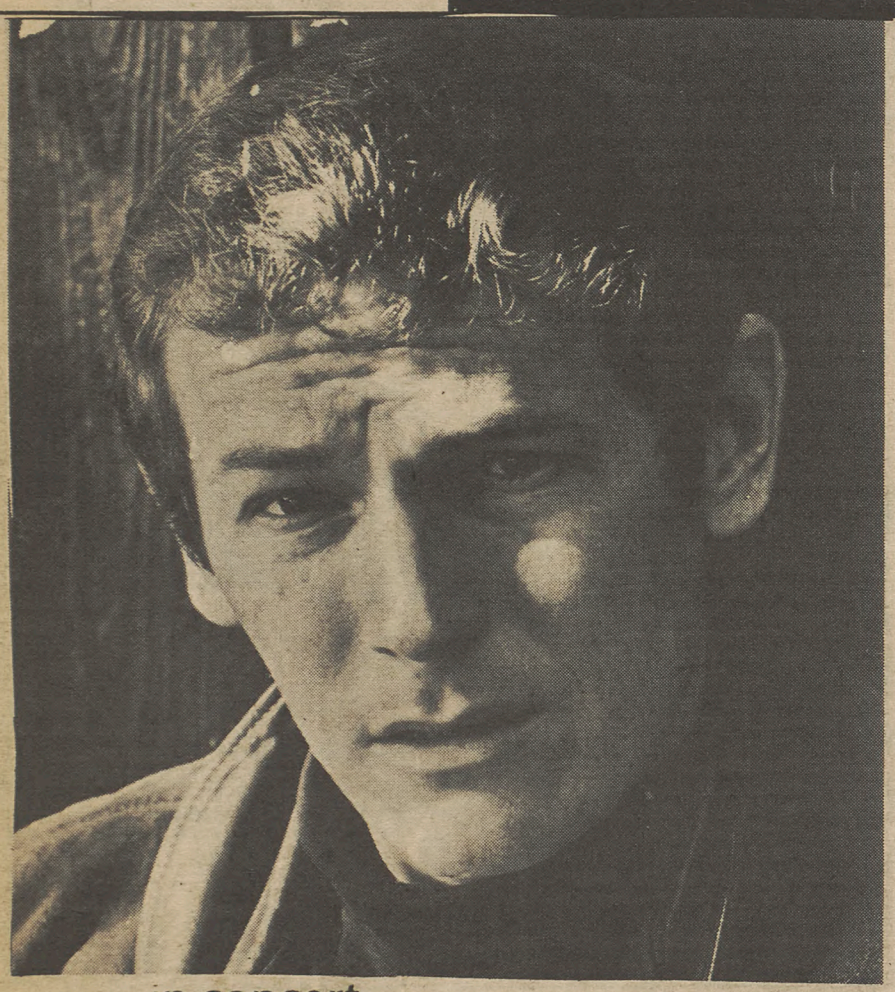

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an actor named Rip Torn?

If you want to laugh at an actor named Rip Torn, that's your problem. Born Elmore Torn 37 years ago in Temple, Texas, he was nicknamed Rip around the house as a kid. Grown up, he sees no reason to change it just because it reminds some people of Tab Hunter or Rock Hudson. He knows how good he is.

Rip is also the most paranoid man I've ever met, so paranoid that after receiving his second 'Obie' in a row for directing Michael McClure's *The Beard*—the first was for the role of Marion Faye in Norman Mailer's *Deer Park*—he suspected it was all because the CIA was setting him up for some sinister purpose.

'Have you seen *Hud*?' Paul Newman asked me after it was released. 'I hope you like it', Newman said, 'because Hud is you'.

'I didn't think that was too funny. I was broke as usual at the time and I thought Paul might at least have laid a percentage on me. Also, if I ever wanted to make a western, everybody would say I was doing a Newman number. But when I saw it, it wasn't me at all. I told Paul, 'I'm a very complicated guy—I can only get about 10 per cent of me, how come you think you can get it all?'

We are in a room which, if it were together, would be his study. Books, records, beer cans, overflowing ash trays, sporting equipment, and excess furniture clutter everywhere. It is dark and needs a painting. Looking out through battered and crooked black rimmed glasses, Rip reminds me of a shy, vulnerable little boy with insensitive parents, looking for empathy.

The sign over the bell says 'Torn Page'. He and Geraldine occupy three floors of a brownstone which they just purchased (with her money the rumour goes) in the West 20s. They have three children: Angelica, five and four-year-old twins, Jonathan and Anthony. The house is a swept, lived-in mess geared for kids. There are crayon scrawls all over the walls, toys in every corner and underfoot.

As a young boy, Rip loved to go fishing. One day he had no bites, and, when his line tangled on a rock, he pretended it was a fish—gritting his teeth, bracing himself, fighting it, acting it out. A group of people across the stream started shouting encouragement: 'You can get him, boy . . . hold on now . . . you can bring him in . . .'

'Not catching any fish isn't so bad if you enjoy fishing,' Rip says.

At 16, he and a bunch of Texas buddies went through a season of playing the 'coon game' across the tracks, hitting black cats on the head with socks full of bars of soap.

The expression 'red-ass' started in Texas A and M, military college. 'It gives me the red-ass,' they say in the army. Rip remembers his backside looking 'like oozing plasma' from being hazed with shaved down baseball bats. Texas A and M teaches a man how to make pain. Manhood through brutality. Can you take it, boy? 'End as a Man.' Rip learned fast. After two years he dropped out.

Believing firmly in Louella Parson's vision of Hollywood, he hitched there. He had grown up with weapons and thought nothing of the unlicensed pistol in his pocket. Arriving in L.A., and mistaking it for civilization, he went to the police station to turn it in, asking them to certify that it was his so he could ship it back to Texas for safekeeping.

Instead he was booked and charged with eight unsolved robberies committed with the same type weapon. He in no way resembled the suspects, but it took two days in jail to clear the matter up, and then they confiscated his pistol. That was Rip Torn's welcome to Hollywood. It's enough to make a guy paranoid.

The first Hollywood party goes like this. Scott Brady was starring in *Light Up the Sky* at the Laguna Beach Playhouse. A little man was trying to change a tire on a big car in front. Rip helped him. The guy was the set designer at the theatre and invited him backstage. There he met Scott Brady and went to his party. He got completely bombed like everybody else and passed out with an unconscious girl on top of him. It might have become a real orgy if everybody hadn't started retching, groaning, and puking all over the place. The hors d'oeuvres, it turned out, were tainted.

He sold magazines on the road. 'I was good at it. I'd knock on the door and say, 'Hi'. Then I'd just stand there—no pitch or anything—and there would be this silence. The woman might say something like, 'Oh, I know, you're Louie's boy aren't you?' I'd say, 'no ma'am, I'm one of the boys from the district high school.' I'd tell her that I had only 20 minutes to win this watch. I talked faster and faster and of course she bought something. Then I'd ask if she had a friend who could help and . . . It was terrible.

'I got fed up. I was selling this family in Salt Lake City. They were interested in me on a truly human level—nice people. I finally said, 'Look, you don't want these magazines. What do you need $35 worth of magazines for?' I walked out of their house and tried to get involved again. The next customer was a little old lady who reminded me of my grandmother. I always like to talk to old people anyway—see what's on their minds. She made me a lemonade and I sat on her rocking chair and we talked. I decided to quit right then.

'I hitched some more; down to Mexico, I was a chauffeur in L.A. for a while, a counterman. I was a plumber and really had my hands in shit . . . By the time I got back home, I was in such bad shape my own mother didn't recognize me. I hadn't eaten in three days. 'Lady, do you have any yard work?' I said as a joke. She didn't even know who I was.'

'Hey Ripper! Good to see ya, boy. How the hell are ya?' Coming out of McGinnis's Broadway restaurant, Rip is greeted by Pat Hingle's Texas twang. They embrace.

Hingle was Gooper in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* and is a frequent guest star on television about whom people say, 'He's a good actor . . . what's his name again? Rip and Pat Hingle have a lot in common.

They are both from Texas, and studied at the University of Texas drama school, where people in the department thought Rip had no technique. 'I wasn't phony enough. But sometimes I'd have a moment on stage that was so real it made them forget the fact that I was terrible.'

A few years later, Hingle was rehearsing in *Cat* and called Rip, still in Texas, to tell him they were casting the understudy to Ben Gazzara. He came right up. New on Broadway, he got a lot of funny takes; 'Your name is what? Rip Torn??!! Do you know Buck Naked . . . Brick Wall . . . Chan Delier . . .?'

'No I don't,' he said pleasantly. 'But maybe you've heard of my cousin.'

'Who is that?'

'Fuck You.'

After a lot of static and perseverance, he finally read. Years later, Molly Kazan told him that his reading that day was one of the most electric moments she had ever seen on stage. That was before Rip broke his personal management contract with her husband, Elia Kazan, by saying: 'I can no longer live suspended by the web of your whim.' He hasn't had a manager since.

Hingle is on his way to read a voice-over for a television commercial. 'Damn, I wish I could get me some of those,' Rip says. 'You're good at it—you do what they tell you. My trouble is I always want to read my own way.'

'Sorry about your play,' Hingle says.

The Cuban Thing had closed the night before. Rip had the lead, although his name was listed alphabetically on the marquee. (He doesn't believe in solo bows; 'they destroy the unity of the company.')

Two years ago he promised Jack Gelber, who wrote and directed the play, that he would do it. He kept the promise, even though it meant turning down two film offers—which is one reason he isn't a celebrity.

The reviews were universally rotten; 'I had a premonition, but everybody is always saying I'm paranoid, so this time I asked a friend—a psychiatrist—to come opening night and protect my sanity. Afterwards he told me how much he liked the play and the performances. Then I said, 'Okay . . . what do you think of . . . *these?*' I shoved the reviews at him.

'He was stunned. 'This isn't what I saw,' he said. 'These reviews have nothing to do with the play. I don't understand.' I said, 'Now you know what I've been talking about.'

'My friend was really at a loss. He said, 'If your talent was more conventional, or if you were more conventional as a person, maybe they could take it. But the combination of the two is too much for most people.'

The health officer at the Mexican border suddenly pulled his gun and badge on Rip. 'Secret Service,' he said.

Rip flipped, he shouted, 'Okay . . . go ahead, bust it down. Let's go the whole route here—hub caps, engine, whatever you want. Let's get it over with . . . I don't give a shit. You're not going to find anything.'

'Then why are you screaming. I'm trying

to be nice and you yell at me.'

'Nice? If you're trying to be nice, why did you pull your gun? And what the hell is this all about anyway. Every time I come across the same thing happens.' It was the third time.

'I really don't know,' the agent said. 'Maybe it's those roles you play . . . all those perverts, subversives, and criminal types. You're very convincing, you know. Anyway, somebody put you on our list.'

Paranoid? Maybe. It is a little hard to believe that all the persecution Rip feels has occurred. But there are certain men who attract bullies, whose stance puts people uptight. He's like a gunfighter; people feel obligated, somehow, to challenge him to a draw. Then there are the roles.

He was Tom Junior, a sadistic Southern bigot, in *Sweet Bird of Youth,* eventually replacing Paul Newman in the lead as Chance Wayne, an ageing, desperate gigolo on the make. His Marion Faye was a true freaky, pot-smoking pimp with faggot tendencies and rumours that he was really all those things flew around the Village during the run. In series guest spots, he is typed as a hood, outlaw, and general bad guy. His Roberto, in *The Cuban Thing,* was considered pro-Castro. Although the roles have been expanding. His latest, Henry Miller in *Tropic of Cancer* may make Rip a star despite himself.

Pat Hingle inspects Rip's right ear on Broadway. 'It doesn't look too bad,' he says.

'No, there's not even a scar . . . Look.'

Rip's role-playing got him into the hospital last summer. *The New York Times* reported it as follows: 'Norman Mailer and Rip Torn, the actor and longtime friend of the author's engaged in a perhaps overly realistic struggle before the cameras . . . Mr. Torn was acting out one of the several cinematic assassination attempts against Mr. Mailer, who played Norman T. Kingsley, a famous movie director contemplating a race for President.

'According to eyewitnesses, he crept up behind Mr. Mailer and shouted, 'Norman T. Kingsley, I have some thing for you.' Then he hit him three times on the head with a child's toy hammer. Mr. Mailer turned and grappled with his assailant as the cameras continued to grind. In the struggle, Mr. Mailer bit Mr. Torn on the ear.'

'I told Norman we shouldn't contribute to the bullshit number that's going down in the press,' Rip said. 'It's just a dumb misunderstanding. It wasn't the bite itself that bugged me, it was the fact that anytime the human tooth gets into you, you are going to have an infection. It's the most virulent bite of all . . . I told Norman that.'

'Are you trying to say my bite is the most poisonous bite?' Norman said. You know how he is; he's always got to be number one.

'I just said the *human* bite is the most poisonous—but I won't take away from you the honour of being the most virulent of all.' Anyway, he's still mad at me. I think he wanted it to be unexpected, but not all that unexpected, you dig?

'Nobody's role was clear. I just assumed I was to be the one to finally make an attempt on his life. I was functioning completely as an actor and I assumed he would just topple and act it out. He didn't do that at all—he went right into reality . . . How about a blast?'

'No thanks, Ripper, I'm late'. Hingle flags a cab. 'Give my love to Gerry.'

'I said to Gerry the other night . . .' Rip is just back from California where Gerry is making a film, passing through on his way to direct *The Beard* in London. '. . . I said, 'I've done everything possible to root out my love for you, and it's beaten me, I can't kill it.'

Rip loves to lay some out-of-sight statement on you and then stare (I always lose) until you feel paranoid yourself questioning it. 'Why do you want to root it out? Is love a weakness or something?'

'Yeah . . . I think it is. Look baby . . .' I can understand why a director I called yesterday refused to say anything about him except 'he's a hostile, paranoid bastard', and hung up. Rip looks like he wants to hit me. '. . . Love in this society has only been some king of creep sentiment punkdom. You know that. We've all been brainwashed.

'Don't get involved with that dreadful man!' Gerry's friends said when she started seeing Rip. They were in *Sweet Bird* at the time and, in another of those role extensions, people took him for Chance Wayne using an ageing actress—Gerry is now 44—as a ticket to stardom. They have been together nine years.

She is intensely loyal, much more disturbed about the ear incident than Rip. The first chance she had, she said to Mailer, 'Hello Norman, how's your appetite?' He didn't answer. She continued, 'Well like the movie says, you are what you eat.'

Another rumour—Rip 'ran off' with Mike McClure after *The Cuban Thing* closed. Rip may or may not be a hostile, belligerent, paranoid bastard, and he may or may not be one of the best actors in America, but one thing he isn't is a faggot. I tell him about it.

'You know what that is?' I pour some wine. 'Wishful thinking.' He stares me down again. 'Here's where it's at—Eitel, the director in *Deer Park,* has a tough line after Marion makes a pass at him. He considers it for a while and he's tempted but he finally says no, because that's what the machinery wants us to be—faggots. If you're a faggot then they've got you nailed. They can put you away, dismiss you. You're a faggot. I'd like to meet the guy who told you that. Mike's my brother, and I guess the idea of two strong cats making it together turned him on. Here's another story that came back to me. Some big English director—I won't mention his name—was asked, 'Do you know Rip Torn?' He said, 'My dear, I've had him.' And I've never even met the cat.'

Rip looks disgusted. His bag holding important personal papers fell off the rack of his big bike on the way over. He discovered it in front of my place. Instead of retracing his route right away, he's lounging comfortably in my easy chair drinking wine and rapping. Julie, a small girl who has been sitting silent, listening somewhat in awe, offers to go out and look for it. He says fine, draws her a map of the route, and, although she has no driver's licence and has only driven a bike once—a small Honda at that—offers her his key. Fortunately, she has enough sense to refuse it.

The loss of the bag has put him extremely up-tight. He drinks and talks fast.

On politics: 'Nixon is a motherfucker triumphant. Yeah. But you know, when he makes that victory salute—he's got his arms up and his shoulders are around his ears—there must be some part of him that's embarrassed about the spectacle he's making. It's not really a full take like 'come on, give it to me and I'll die for you.' It looks more like they coached him but he really can't make it. He's a bad actor.'

'Then there's Humpty Dumpty. I said to Mailer that George Wallace would chew Humpty Dumpty and Icky Dicky right up if they ever got together. He said, 'No, they would work out a deal with him and then slowly poison him . . .' Rip starts to choke from laughing.

On acting: 'A guy talked to me about doing a tv series when I was in L.A. last month. I told him I had already served my years soldiering for my country. Why should I sign up for five more years of bondage? Of course for that bondage you're made a millionaire so it's not bad bondage. There's nothing wrong with it except that I don't dig it. For a lot of people, though, it's the prize.

'Some people say about me, 'Why isn't Rip bothered by not being a star?' I know I *can* be a star, I just don't choose to be. But I could dig it in a way; there's a motherfucker triumphant residing in all of us. I could go for the total number.

'Once I was driving down Sunset Strip to Malibu. There are packs of cars, you know, with the lights. I decided to lead the pack. There were all these hand-tooled jobs and me—I was driving this Mickey Mouse car . . . That's why Paul Newman said I'd never be a star in Hollywood. I came rolling up to his house driving a Rambler. He was appalled. He said, 'Man, a Rambler!? Don't you know you can't drive that kind of car and be a star?' I hate to say anything bad about Paul . . . He was so beautiful with McCarthy . . .

'Writers are usually interested in me. They hope, because they dig me as an actor, that they will be the one to make me a star—give me the vehicle to ride . . . Like James Earl Jones and *The Great White Hope.* Jimmy and I are close. We're about the same age and . . . he's beautiful. I can talk about this now, because he's mentioned it already. Years ago, I tried to have about eight or ten black actors admitted into the Actors Studio. At the time there was only Sidney Poitier and Diana Sands and I said that the Studio was just a microcosm, a reflection, of the whole corrupt Broadway scene.

'They only let in one or two—it's the same old shit. I wanted to break the whole colour thing in the theatre. Jimmy was finally brought in as an observer. I remember talking, arguing with the powers at the Studio about him. I said, 'This guy is a boss actor.' They said, 'He'll never be a star.'

Rip is by now flat-out—his intelligence, intensity, pride, paranoia, his deep bitterness. 'The formation of the Actors Studio Theatre was made possible by the inclusion of Gerry and myself on the Board of Directors. Kazan went to Lincoln Center, and I knew that wasn't the place to go. Tennessee Williams said, 'Baby, what do you want to go to that model prison for?' And Jimmy Baldwin said, 'I'm not going to go there and be the nigger in the window.' They didn't have to tell me that, I was already on my own course of action . . .'

'Baldwin's *Blues for Mr. Charlie* came out of the Actors Studio Theatre. I played Lyle, a Southern white cracker, and I didn't pull back on it, didn't come on and wink at the audience and say, 'This isn't really me, you know.' There were nights when I thought some cats were going to come up on stage and lay me out.

'People freak out at the truth. That's why they kill. They'd rather kill than admit they've been caught up in a stale game and instead of being toughs, they are punks. They want to kill the person who brought that pain to their consciousness—

'LeRoi Jones was talking to me about my Lyle. He started laughing. He realized he was talking about me to me, but I wasn't there you see. And all of a sudden he saw that I *was* there and it kind of embarrassed him. 'You punky cracker,' he said to me. LeRoi is hip enough to know that I wouldn't have been able to do that if that was where I'm really at. I'm not saying it didn't cause me tremendous pain—it did . . .'

About Norman Mailer: (They have made up.) 'He's beautiful; he's such a beautiful cat . . . I really love him. One time we got blasted at Casey's bar after a performance of *Deer Park,* and he asked me—he caught me completely off guard. 'You have an older brother,' I said, 'You, you are!'

About himself: 'In the American sexual/political ethic, they nail cats that speak the truth as fags, or some other sexual aberration. Then they can dismiss the truth on that level. I'm willing to lay the book of my life out to any of those bullshit artists . . . Let's face it; the words I say can sign my death warrant. But I've done it so many times, why shouldn't I do it now? The Confederacy has won. The United States is the South. The South has risen again and they control the military, the congress . . . they control the country. And their aim is to control the world. Their axis is our South, South Africa, Rhodesia, Spain, Germany—and an awful lot of people in between . . . are you going to print all of this? I mean these are tough things to say . . .

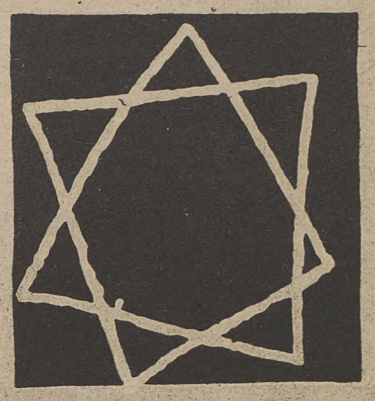
'At least people will know I'm still alive. Terry Southern told me a funny story. He worked on the screenplay for a movie called *The Cincinnati Kid.* The producers were sitting around trying to cast one of the roles, a bad-ass type. Somebody said, 'What we need is a Rip Torn type.' Terry said, 'Well, don't think I'm trying to be weird or anything, but why don't we get Rip Torn?' They looked at him like he was some kind of nut. I guess they figured I was in jail or dead or something.'

Julie comes back without the bag. 'This sort of thing happens to me every time I'm about to leave the country,' Rip says draining the last of the half gallon of wine which was full when we started.

I realize I've crossed from role to reality myself; by now I consider Rip a friend rather than a subject. He is as large as life and my life is larger since meeting him.

Maybe it's the wine, but I feel close enough to tell him this: 'Look, man, if you're a loser it's your own fault. Your bag with all your identification and papers falls off your bike and instead of going back to look for it, you sit here drinking wine complaining for an hour. Then you send Julie out for it; you should have gone yourself. You even offer to let her use your bike. That chick can't drive a bike. She doesn't even have a driver's licence. She'd have cracked it up and then you would have been more paranoid than ever.'

Rip stretched out on the couch, listening to my little lecture. He starts to raise the left corner of his mouth in a sardonic smile and then laughs out loud. 'I don't give a fuck,' he says.



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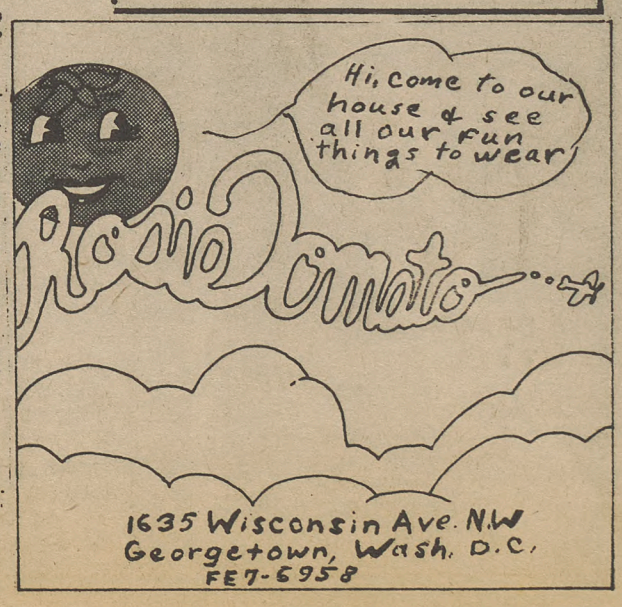

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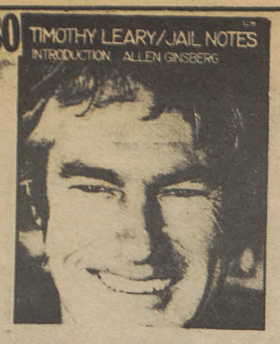

LEARY'S Jail Notes

"One class of man wants freedom, the other builds an ethic of negation."
Necessary Doubt, Colin Wilson

Tim Leary has been through hell. Busted for possession and transportation of marijuana in 1969, he then fell into long drawn out court battles in a vain attempt to maintain his freedom. He was sentenced to jail on February 19, 1970 for 20 years, what some would call an overly harsh sentence considering the offense.

He remained in jail only seven months, for on the morning of September 13 he escaped from his California prison (with the proported help of the weather underground) and headed for parts unknown. As everyone knows, he surfaced in Algeria with his wife Rosemary, and entered into the then welcome arms of Eldridge Cleaver. What evolved in the next few months has had to have been one of the more confusing incidents in recent movement history. Not since the Pueblo incident have we been subjected to a more bewildering series of press releases.

"To shoot a robot genocidal policeman in the defense of life is an act of love." Tim Leary, 1970

During the opening scenes it was easy to tell the good guys from the bad guys. It was Tim Leary vs. the Amerikan Empire, the charge was polluting and twisting the minds of innocent youngsters around the country. Tim lost round one, but made a quick recovery and was on his feet again in sunny Algeria. But then something funny happened, things became less simple. It wasn't easy to tell who were the good guys, much less who was winning. At first through vague, shrouded LNS press releases it became apparent that Tim was again in hot water. But this time it wasn't CIA agents or FBI shiny black shoes. It looked as if Tim, that fighting Irishman, had crossed Eldridge Cleaver! All of Altamont Nation held its breath waiting to see who was mightier, the acid or the gun.

"You're perfect, you can never do any wrong."
Charles Manson, 1969

Apparently Tim has lost for now he sits in Switzerland seeking asylum ans awaiting possible extradition back to these shores, courtesy of the State Department. And now appears his first book of prison memoirs, ridiculously outdated perhaps, considering what has happened in the last year. I would be more interested in finding out what happened during the "Battle of Algiers", perhaps too much to request right now.

Anyway the book is interesting. There is an introduction by Allen Ginsberg, that bearded prophet of spiritual consciousness, who charts for us that historical trail of mystics (among them Kerouac, Keasy, and Ginsberg himself) and their influence in creating a new society.

By the time the introduction is gone, the mood has been set, for the mystical (but always analytical) tone continues through Leary's writing. Interspersed in this dialogue like acid flashes are "prison portraits of his cellmates. Between the lines of joyful meditation and self-awareness there erupts a prison name and number reminding us that there are people beyond these pages, people trapped and unable to touch the outside world. What emerges from these notes is more than Tim Leary, but also the people who surrounded him. From the bust-out junkie to the 19-year old burned for sel ling tea.

"I'm not a judge... I don't judge people here, I believe in non-violence, that's my thing. All the judges are upstairs. I want us all to be free, and violence threatens freedom."
from The Jail Notes

I must note, though, my dissapointment for what this book doesn't contain: an explanation from Tim about his transformation to a violent revolutionary. (Incidentally, I am not putting down the word revolutionary, in fact I think it's a beautiful word, no matter how much Madison Avenue uses it. What I do object to is violence, and all its ugly aspects and meanings when it prefaces words such as revolutionary.) I wanted to know why he no longer says he will resist violence with non0violence, why he wants me to pick up the gun . I needed to know why his head had changed, and how.

All I got was contradictions, for here in these notes was the Tim Leary of old, the Tim Leary of compassion and understanding, and feeling. Not some revolutionary armed to the teeth with rhetoric, but Tim Leary, the human being.

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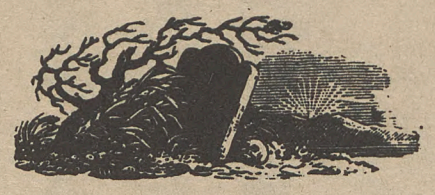

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